

# THE AMERICAN A WEEKLY

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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, April 24, 1938



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY presents here for the first time in America, the work of the British artist, A. K. Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald's paintings appear regularly in the leading English and Continental periodicals,

where his delicacy of line and the grace and elfin quality of his girls are much admired. Mr. Macdonald is a Scotsman and often works in serious mood, but the series of three pages which he has drawn especially for The American Weekly

is in the somewhat frivolous and fantastic spirit of his most popular work. This week, in his third page, Mr. Macdonald has given his interpretation of American girls in terms of pests.

# Science Fights Infant Ills With Raw Apples

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# How Rich Mr. Beal Tried to "Get Away From It All"

Retired at 60 to Enjoy Solitude With His Lions, Tigers, Elephants and Other Jungle Dwellers But When Two Alternating Secretarial Eves Turned His Long Island Eden Into a Battlefield, His Dream of Peace Was Broken



Miss Ninon Bunya, the "Tiger Woman" of Mr. Beal's Long Island Jungle Paradise, Who Was Made the Star of Mr. Beal's "Jungle Love" Fantasy After Satisfactory Service as Secretary and Whose Entanglements With Her Best Friend and Successor Shattered the Peace of the Long Island Eden:



When Miss Bunya Returned from Her Trip West She Found, She Alleged, the Place to Which Mr. Beal Had Thoughtfully Given Her a Deed Entirely Surrounded by a Barbed Wire Fence and a "No Admittance" Sign, and Miss Reynolds Determined Not to Let Her Back Into the Domain.

Mr. Beal Photographed With Miss Bunya at the Court Hearing Where Miss Reynolds Was Relieved of Her Mink Coat.

**A**FTER making a fortune in Wall Street, the rich Mr. Charles W. Beal decided at the age of sixty that he didn't want to lead the stormy life of a financier any longer. What he wanted was to "get away from it all," in some little private paradise of his own, where everything would be somewhat primitive and, above all else, peaceful.

Many people have that same desire but to most of them, the way the wealthy Mr. Beal set out to gratify his yearning may seem a trifle odd. Instead of buying himself a South Sea island, as he could very well afford to do, he picked out a tract of land at Oceanside, Long Island, about an hour's drive from noisy New York City, and converted it into a ten-acre "Garden of Eden."

There, like Adam of old, he would spend the rest of his days among the unspoiled animals. The original Adam found all the animals already in his garden but Mr. Beal had to buy them, which was not difficult for a millionaire. He made a deal with Mr. Frank (Bring 'em Back Alive) Buck and soon had the world's largest amateur zoo, with lions, tigers, bears, camels, zebras and a herd of six elephants.

Yet he wasn't content just to stand and stare through the bars at his handsome animals. As can be seen from one of the photographs on this page, he learned to be a tiger tamer. And while taming his tigers and lions and feeding bushels of peanuts to his elephants, he was happy as anything—till he began to feel that something was missing from his Long Island paradise. Of course, there was no secret, but he didn't mind that.

For quite a while, he couldn't imagine what was lacking, but his vague discontent sent him wandering through another kind of jungle, a jungle of noisy Broadwayites at a cocktail party—and all of a sudden the truth hit him like a bolt of lightning, right in the midst of that party.

Every Eden must have an Eve, of course. Being a confirmed old bachelor, Mr. Beal did not exactly want a wife. But he did need a secretary.

When most people need a secretary they call up an employment agency, but Mr. Beal did not have to do that.

He saw the one he wanted at that party. She was Miss Ninon Bunya, who was once a vaudeville actress. Just how her experience on the stage had fitted her to be a secretary has not been revealed—but as soon as Mr. Beal saw her he was sure that she would do. Besides, she liked animals, too. But this was not the only bond between them. Soon after she took over her secretarial duties at the Oceanside Eden & Zoo, Mr. Beal pleased her very much by discovering in himself a latent interest in the theatre.

So Mr. Beal and Miss Bunya became partners in the Jungle Love Company, which had nothing whatever to do with the Long Island jungle or love, but was a firm that produced a play in which Ninon took the leading role as "The Tiger Woman." While it wouldn't be right to say that Miss Bunya was altogether tame in that part, the play was not a success. The little safari cost Mr. Beal \$25,000.

Just the same, that theatrical adventure did something else that eventually converted the private paradise into just about as tumultuous a spot as anybody is likely to imagine—and eventually resulted in Ninon being turned out of Mr. Beal's earthly Eden. In this case, however, the cause of it all was not a serpent, or any other customary inhabitant of a jungle, but another secretary. Even so, Ninon managed to slip back in again, by hiding her true name.

Instead of discouraging Mr. Beal, the failure of his play only made him want to try his hand at producing movies. So Ninon took a quick trip to Hollywood, to look into the distribution end of the business, but she made a mistake by staying too long.

Another mistake was in her choice of a substitute while she was away. Of course, no ordinary stenographer would do, for in addition to taking dictation, there was the matter of Mr. Beal's diet, which was very strict.

In this crisis, what could be more natural than for Ninon to turn to someone who had also received her secretarial training on the stage? So after giving careful consideration to the substitute's qualifications, Ninon turned her job over to Miss Patricia Reynolds, another former vaudeville

actress, who, at that time, was her "dearest friend," but certainly isn't any more—not by a long shot.

Convinced that her trusted friend would keep a careful watch over her boss and her job, Ninon went to Hollywood with a light heart. But imagine her surprise when she came back and found the jungle fenced in with impenetrable barbed-wire, higher than her head, and private policemen guarding the entrance. They told her that she didn't live there any more, or words to that effect—and there she was, so to speak, on the outside looking in, with "Paddy" Reynolds refusing to let her have her job back and laughing at her.

So Ninon went away. But she came back later with policemen, when no one was at the gate except the guards, and there she was, so to speak, on the outside looking in, with "Paddy" Reynolds refusing to let her have her job back and laughing at her. So Ninon went away. But she came back later with policemen, when no one was at the gate except the guards, and there she was, so to speak, on the outside looking in, with "Paddy" Reynolds refusing to let her have her job back and laughing at her.

"Charles, I've come to save you," Miss Bunya has been quoted as saying. "We have proof that Paddy Reynolds is married and has a baby girl."

Just why that should disqualify Paddy as a secretary has not been disclosed. The next morning, Ninon says, Paddy threw the telephone at her. And Paddy says:

"Ninon grabbed me and tore at my chest. I fell on the sofa. She came at



Miss Paddy Reynolds, Who Now Seems Finally to Have Evacuated the Oceanside, Long Island, Paradise.

me again. She bent my wrist back and again. It she tore hair from my head."

At any rate, the telephone receiver went off the hook and the operator heard such alarming noises she called back the police, reporting that maybe it was just dinner time in the zoo, but it sounded like a murder.

It's said that when the police returned to the Beal paradise, they found the man who wanted to get away from it all still reclining on the couch, while his two secretaries were rolling over and over on the floor, still clawing at each other.

"Take her away," Mr. Beal has been quoted as saying, as he waved his hand toward Ninon. So the police did, and Paddy then contributed some more excitement by charging Ninon with third degree assault and suing her for \$50,000. After a couple of stormy court sessions, both cases were dismissed, and for a while it looked as if Mr. Beal was at last going to have the quiet life he wanted, with Paddy running his household. Then Miss Reynolds made her worst error.

She went to New York City to get a permanent wave and did not come back for three days. Meanwhile, Ninon had been watching and waiting and, as

soon as she saw the coast was clear, she moved right in, bag and baggage, taking charge again.

A little time, no doubt, from the strain of getting a permanent wave, Paddy arrived at the barbed-wire barrier late one afternoon only to find herself barred by the very same fence she is said to have had erected to keep her rival out. Different guards wore on the gate and Paddy says that one, described as a "rough fellow," pulled a gun on her and rudely said: "Git! Your clothes and stuff are in an auto on the road. Now scram!"

So she scrambled, straight to a lawyer, who helped her get a writ of habeas corpus, compelling Ninon to produce Mr. Beal in court. It was her contention that Ninon was holding Mr. Beal, a prisoner, keeping him intoxicated and had threatened to kill him. On top of that, she said, she and Mr. Beal had a joint bank account and somebody was trying to cash a check he had drawn against it.

All this legal bickering must have been a sore trial to a man who wanted to lead a simple life, but Mr. Beal appeared in court, with a black eye, which no one was allowed to question him about—so it was just assumed that maybe one of his tigers gave him a none too gentle pat. As for Paddy's accusations, he said there was no truth to any of them. He was "better satisfied with the present arrangement"—and that case also was dismissed.

But that wasn't the end of it. Some time later Mr. Beal remembered that joint bank account, and the first thing Paddy knew she was under arrest, charged with stealing \$1,185 by withdrawing it without his permission. He said he hadn't meant for her to use any of the money on herself, but had just opened the account for household expenses. But the greedy jury decided she was innocent and dropped the case. In raising her bail, however, she had deposited two rings, an automobile and a mink coat with a surety company, and before she had time to get them back

Mr. Beal slapped a writ of attachment on them, bringing a civil suit against her for the \$1,185.

In court, Paddy said she withdrew that money in payment for her secretarial services. Ninon was there, too, to testify in Mr. Beal's behalf and lend him moral support. But after telling how she had been "trying to make dear Charles well," she broke down and cried so much the judge asked her to please go out and take a walk. Then the jury brought in a verdict in favor of Mr. Beal, and it was reported that when Paddy realized that this meant she was being stripped of her mink coat, she also cried—most pitifully.

When all of this strife had died down at last, Mr. Beal's present attorney, Mr. Irving H. Saypol, of the firm of Saypol and Kotler, New York City, was asked what was the situation at the Oceanside Eden, and he gravely replied: "Miss Bunya is now back with Mr. Beal. She is acting in the capacity of secretary. Mr. Beal has found that she has been very loyal and has stuck by him through thick and thin. Mr. Beal has not been feeling very well of late and he hopes that the hectic episodes of the past are by-gone things and that he may now enjoy some peace and quiet for the rest of his days. Or, at least, that happens to be his desire at the moment."

But, alas! Mr. Beal was soon back in court. It seems that for some time he and Mr. Frank Buck, whose menagerie is also on Long Island, had been lending each other animals every now and then, and just the other day the two animal trainers got into a free-class row over a family of tigers, including three cubs. The mother tiger belongs to Mr. Buck, and the father tiger belongs to Mr. Beal, who now claims that Mr. Buck promised to give him one of the cubs and let him take his pick. But Mr. Buck says he didn't give him the cub, and he doesn't intend to, because Mr. Beal still owes him for a lot of hay that was fed to the elephants.

When that squabble is settled, maybe Mr. Beal will be able and let him take a quiet, simple life in his private jungle—and maybe he won't.

And This Is Mr. Beal at the Side of a Real Tiger, One of the Many Wild Beasts He Succeeded in Taming.

# London Gets A Big Kick Out This Dancer

**N**OT only is a dancer as proud of a record as an Olympic champion of track and field events but she generally trains just as hard. That is one reason why Fay Veronica, a night club dancer, recently shattered her own unique record by doing 5,000 kicks in two and one-half hours.

Two other reasons are the shapely and supple legs of Miss Veronica which are insured for \$20,000 and have supported her very well indeed since she became a dancer whose appearance on the stage or floor is the signal for enthusiastic applause.

But about this record business. Some months ago when Fay was doing a turn at a supper club, she had completed her

number and was starting for her dressing room when the manager grabbed her arm.

"Do something else, my fingers haven't shown up," he pleaded. Being a good trouper, Fay readily obliged with another dance. She followed that with still another but the missing entertainers didn't put in an appearance. It wasn't until the next morning that she found out that they had been in a motor accident on the way to the club.

When the manager asked her to do still another dance she became reluctant. Not that she was tired. Far from it. But she had already been on the dance floor more than 45 minutes, which is quite a long time for a solo dancer to hold a London audience. She was afraid that if she continued dancing she would be "stealing bows" and wearing out her popularity.

But I'm in a spot, said the manager. "You've simply got to do something."

Fay thought hard. An audience wouldn't stand too much for a single entertainer unless—well, that entertainer happened to be trying for some sort of record. She knew that because only a few weeks previously

a flag pole sitter who had done nothing but sit had kept thousands of eyes focused upon him.

Inspired, Fay whispered to the manager. There was a roll on the drums and then the manager announced impressively that Miss Fay Veronica was going to try for a world's kicking record. The patrons themselves would be scorers and tabulate the number of kicks—3,000 in all.

After it was all over and Fay was sitting in her dressing room, she did some more thinking. She had done a lot of dancing before she started her kicking contest.

Even now she wasn't particularly tired. If she was going to establish a kicking record she had better make one that would last, for when news of her 5,000 kicks crossed the Atlantic, there would undoubtedly be many dancers in the United States who would take a try at that record and perhaps beat it.

Fay didn't have an opportunity to try for a real record for several weeks. Then one night recently when she was appearing at the Frazer restaurant in London, she decided that the time had come to do something about it before somebody else claimed the championship.

She announced that she would high-kick against line and she started kicking. She kept it up for exactly two and a half hours, at the end of which

delighted patrons announced that she had gracefully elevated and lowered her right leg 5,000 times, which explains why Londoners get a big kick out of this disciple of Terpsichore.

## Carved A Crime Wave

**A**FTER taking one good look at the fearsome, lurking figure of "Crime" at the right, many a Turkish would-be evil-doer decides to stay on the straight and narrow path. In fact the police of Istanbul recently declared that the wooden carving created by Ferdinand Gross, a German sculptor now living in Turkey, is a powerful crime deterrent.

For many years Gross has had a considerable reputation in Europe and the Near East as a "psychiatrist sculptor." Instead of using his skillful hands to whittle the beautiful things he actually sees around him, he draws upon the realm of the subconscious mind for his subjects.

"Crime Wave" is the much discussed current example of this mental probing. To Gross it is a composite figure of what goes on in the mind of a law-breaker when he commits a crime. "The culprit is taken possession of by an invisible demon with the face of a maniac and a grotesque body," he says. "If by some magic, this demon could be made visible, I imagine he would appear very much like the figure I have carved."

Nearly as hideous in conception is an earlier statue of Gross which is also on exhibition in Istanbul. It represents his idea of dual personality and is so named. The figure is of a two-headed man, one head attractive and representing the Dr. Jekyll side of a person's nature, the other a sinister, evil-looking head portraying the Mr. Hyde aspect.

"I believe that in 'Dual Personality' I have accurately portrayed the subject of Robert L. Stevenson's famous story," said Mr. Gross. "In any event the statue does represent a condition of the mind familiar to most psychiatrists."



Inspired by a Crime Wave, Ferdinand Gross, a German Wood Carver Living in Turkey, Turned Out This Three-Dimensional Impression of the Evil Spirit That Nerves Men to Murder.



A Veterinary at the Chantilly Race Track Hospital Has a Careful Look Into the Eye of a Thoroughbred. Mud Flew in the Animal's Eye During a Race on a Wet Day.

## A DeLuxe Hospital For Horses Only

**L**IVING up to its reputation as the sport of kings, horse racing in France recently made lavish provisions for the favorites of the turf who get sick or injured. A hospital for horses, as splendidly equipped with latest scientific and surgical devices as if it catered to wealthy human patients, has been erected by prominent turfmen, at Chantilly, to keep their wards in prime condition.

If a race horse should as much as get a bit of dirt in his eye while running on a muddy track, he is immediately taken to this deluxe hospital and carefully examined by a veterinarian. More serious equine illnesses and accidents are just as thoroughly treated. And if, for some reason, there is no apparatus for the treatment of the particular ailment available, a consulting surgeon immediately designs the necessary piece of equipment.

A few weeks ago, for example, when one of the thoroughbreds was sent to the hospital for a persistent leg ailment, the ingeniously contrived collar as shown in the photograph below was made to hasten his recovery. The splints in

the collar holds the horse's head so that he cannot bend it and scratch or bite his own leg.

The hospital also has a trained dental staff which examines the teeth of all patients to make sure that no itching molars will prevent them from masticating their daily rations of hay and oats and keeping in the best of racing condition.

A small but scientifically equipped chemical laboratory in one corner of the hospital is of special interest to followers of the turf. In this room by means of saliva and other tests, the veterinarians can determine if a horse has been dosed or otherwise tampered with.

But in spite of his 30 years' efforts Kraljevic is not discouraged. "I am dead certain I have dug enough now to be within close reach of the treasure," he tells all who try to point out the hopelessness of his task.

So advised the dead father of Tudja Kraljevic who appeared to him in a dream one night 30 years ago, as he slept in his native village of Vujetinci. Since that day Kraljevic, who has become known throughout the Balkans as the "human mole," has excavated great quantities of rock and earth from the mountainside. He has dug wells, blasted huge boulders, made deep ditches. But Emperor Doman's treasure thus far has failed to materialize.

Nevertheless, the human mole, now too old to dig, employs three workmen to do it for him. He himself mounts guard with an ancient rifle. Recently he was compelled to sell his farm to raise money to pay his employees' wages.

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## Made the Perfect Mouse Trap

**B**ONY, a sleek black cat belonging to a Harrison, Maine, grocer, is a perfect rat trap and no nonsense about it. Because she is fond of cheese, and the stronger the better, there isn't a single rat in her hailcock that can look forward to comfortable old age.

It was the grocer who devised the ingenious scheme for making the cat's love for cheese an infallible means whereby she could trap her rats. Which isn't as complicated as it sounds.

Recently the grocer gave Bony a really ripe piece of Limburger cheese and, while she was still licking her whiskers, stationed her at a rat hole. In a few minutes the rat, lured by the smell of the cheese, poked his head out of the hole sniffing expectantly. Flash! Bony's claws landed and she fastened her teeth in the rat's neck.

Of course her breath had to be recharged with additional Limburger but that was all right with the grocer and with Bony too. It became a continuous process. More cheese for the cat; more breath for the rat holes; more dead rats for Bony.

So effective has this method of extermination been that now a rat is seldom seen in the store. All that is necessary is to bait Bony's breath with cheese and "let" her like a trap. She does the rest.

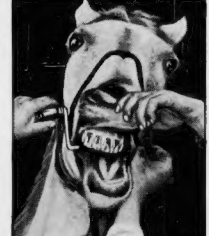
## Broke His Neck—And Didn't Know It

**T**WELVE years ago, Douglas James Rickman, one of the husky longshoremen who loaded sea-going freighters in Liverpool, fell 30 feet into the hold of the ship on which he was working. Considering the fact that he landed on his shoulder and neck, his quick recovery was phenomenal.

Ever since the accident, however, Rickman, who at 55 is still a longshoreman, has held his head peculiarly. This is especially noticeable when he is carrying something heavy.

Recently he was carrying a sack of coal up the loading gangway of a cargo boat when the captain, new to the port and Rickman, was so startled at the way the latter held his head that he suggested the ship's surgeon examine him. Rickman was willing.

"This man's neck has been broken for a long time," reported the amazed physician. The stevedore was more surprised than the doctor who examined him.



A Hospital Patient Has His Teeth Looked Over.



One of the Four-Footed Patients at the French Hospital Recouping From a Fall. The Clever Brace Was Especially Designed for the Blueblooded Invalid and Prevents Him From Biting His Injured Foreleg.

## The Human Mole Who Dug 30 Years

**G**O to the spot midway up the slope of the mountain overlooking our village. The vast treasure of the medieval Serbian Emperor Doman is buried there and you will know it is yours when you reach a marble slab buried in the ground. You will be rich. Rich!"

So advised the dead father of Tudja Kraljevic who appeared to him in a dream one night 30 years ago, as he slept in his native village of Vujetinci. Since that day Kraljevic, who has become known throughout the Balkans as the "human mole," has excavated great quantities of rock and earth from the mountainside. He has dug wells, blasted huge boulders, made deep ditches. But Emperor Doman's treasure thus far has failed to materialize.

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Miss Veronica, the English Variety Dancer, Who Recently Did 5,000 High Kicks Like This in Two and a Half Hours.



# Joining the Nerves to Help Cure Cancer

**New Experiments in Treating Afflicted Internal Cells by Sending X-Ray Messages Over Two Networks From the Brain, Sparing Healthy Tissues Harmful Exposure to Radiations and Permitting the Mind to Correct Disorders That It Can Cause**

**Simplified Diagram Showing the Vagus Nerve System (Shaded) Running Through the Neck to the Heart, Stomach and Other Organs and Supplying a Chemical Which Slows Up Their Functions. Another Nervous System (White) Runs from the Lower Brain Through the Spine and Branches into the Same Internal Organs, Supplying a Chemical Which Increases Speed. It Is When the Lower Brain Gets These Stimulating and Slowing-Down Orders Confused That Disease Is Likely to Break in the Cells of the Organ Affected. Cancer Is Now Being Treated Over Both Systems.**

EVERYBODY is familiar with the use of X-rays in treating cancer and similar conditions by applying the radiations to the organ that is sick, but this plan always has met with one serious difficulty.

In order to reach the seat of the trouble and kill or discourage the cancer cells, the powerful X-rays have to pass through overlying skin and other tissues, which may not need the X-ray dose at all and are likely to be harmed by it.

X-rays are no respecters either of persons or organs. Any living tissue that gets in the path of the rays is likely to be killed or damaged, regardless of whether it is healthy or cancer tissue.

Knowing this, experts always have limited the doses of X-rays that they use, for fear of damaging the wrong tissue. Many times the deep-lying cancer escapes or is not even treated, because too many other injuries might be caused. And for years experts have been seeking some way of escaping these limitations and using as powerful X-rays or other forces as they like wherever they like.

One method was suggested a short time ago in Paris, where M. Lucien Mailet devised a kind of X-ray tube that can be placed inside the body and worked by electric impulses from outside, like radio waves. No wires are needed and small X-ray tubes can be put almost anywhere by simple surgical operations, left alone for weeks and used as actual X-ray sources only when desired. An x-ray, however, no cancer cures with these tubes have been reported.

Still another idea, applied to rays from radium instead of X-rays, is use of the newly-discovered elements that have artificial radioactivity, produced in atom-smashing experiments like those with the machines called cyclotrons. Use of radium itself deep inside the body is even more difficult than use of X-rays, since the radium rays may be too strong or too long continued and thus do serious harm.

The new artificially radioactive elements get around this because their artificial radioactivity soon decays. Dr. Bernard Lafay of Paris has suggested, for example, that artificially radioactive iodine might be given to a patient, in whose bodily glands this iodine would collect. That would give the glands a dose of short-lived dose of rays.

But perhaps the most promising way to get around the difficulty of applying sufficiently powerful rays to cancers deep inside the body is the one reported from Russia, of not playing the X-rays on the cancerous tissue at all but on the roots of certain nerves. According to Professor M. I. Nemenov, of Leningrad, this method often works even better than raying the spot where the disease exists.

The backbone is never far underneath the skin. The nerves that leave the backbone and run to the various bodily organs, which nerves it is Professor Nemenov's idea to treat, also are close to the surface so that X-rays can get at them easily. Nothing of vital importance lies on top of these nerves to be damaged by an X-ray burn if the rays are used too strong or for too long a time.

Medical men still believe that the best possible treatment for cancer, if it can be used, is to cut out the diseased organs or tissues by actual surgery. If the diagnosis is made early enough, while the cancerous tissue still is small and has not spread

throughout the body, a cure by continuing surgical methods is very likely. Instead of being so afraid of cancer that they will not even visit the doctor to find out, people who have any suspicion that this disease exists should immediately take steps to prove just what is wrong. That is everyone's best chance to escape serious disease or death.

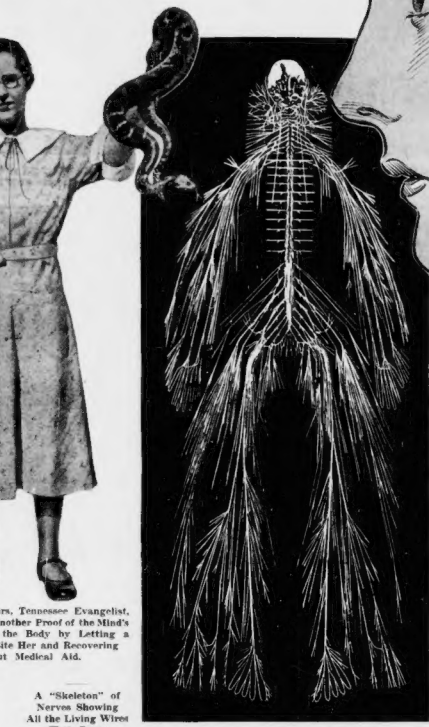
Unfortunately, however, there still are and probably always will be a number of cancer cases which are not discovered in time or in which the internal organs affected are ones which it is extremely dangerous to touch. For such cases, Professor Nemenov and his associates believe that their new method of nerve treatment will be helpful.

Why this method of nerve treatment works at all provides one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of modern medical research. For a long time occasional cases have suggested to doctors in many countries that some mental influence may exist with regard to cancer. While it is true that very few cancer patients recover except by aid of surgery or rays, there have been rare instances in which what seemed to be a typical cancer stopped growing and got well. Some of these cases seem to have involved mental influence, the effect of happiness being good and that of unhappiness being bad. In addition, many surgeons have formed the idea that a calm and happy state of mind assists recovery after a cancer operation or a cancer treatment with radium, while the reverse mental condition is likely to oppose recovery.

Two years ago a distinguished Russian expert in cancer treatment, Professor N. N. Petrov, expressed to the International Cancer Congress, in Belgium, the view that mental influences are among the most powerful in connection with the cure of cancer and perhaps also in connection with its cause. Beginning with this viewpoint, Professor Nemenov and his associates began to consider how these mental influences might be exerted. Following recent discoveries about the four kinds of nerves in the human body they suspected that some of these nerves might have something to do with it. This suggested, in turn, the idea of treating some of these nerves with X-rays or other powerful agents.

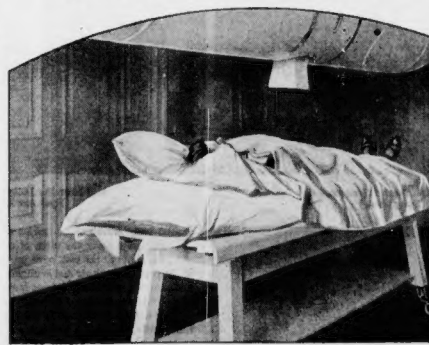
The two kinds of nerves about which most people are reasonably well informed are those which act in close connection with consciousness. One of these kinds includes the so-called motor nerves, over which the impulses travel that move the muscles travel from the brain to each muscle concerned. The other kind includes the sensory nerves, which carry messages inward instead and supply the brain with the signals of all the senses.

It has been discovered that at least two other kinds of nerve systems exist and have important duties in the human body, although they do not connect directly with the higher centers of the brain.



**"Sister" Spothers, Tennessee Evangelist, Who Afforded Another Proof of the Mind's Influence Over the Body by Letting a Rattlesnake Bite Her and Recovering Without Medical Aid.**

**A "Skeleton" of Nerves Showing All the Living Wires That Carry Messages to and From the Great Telephone Exchange of the Brain. These Messages Serve to Keep Us Healthy, or When Misinterpreted, Make Us Sick.**



**How Close to the Development of Nerve Treatment for Cancer, Powerful X-Rays Had to Penetrate Healthy Tissues of the Body to Reach the Diseased Ones, and in Many Cases Normal Tissue Was Damaged by Radiations It Did Not Need.**

One of these other nervous systems consists of several nerves which leave the brain and run down through the neck and to the various organs, and several more which come out from several points in the backbone. One of the most important nerves of this group is the large vagus or pneumogastric nerve, starting from the lower part of the brain and running down through the neck to supply branches to the heart, the lungs, the stomach, etc. The duty of the vagus nerve system is to supply one set of impulses regulat-

ing the action of the internal organs; such, for example, as the rate of beating of the heart.

The fourth part of the nervous system, equally unconnected with consciousness or will, consists of a series of nerves which leave the spinal cord up and down the backbone and run to the same internal organs as those also supplied with nerves from the vagus system. For a long time everyone was puzzled to explain this remarkable fact that Nature provides for the heart, the stomach and other im-



**Scientists Believe the Mind May Be Responsible Not Only for Certain Types of Cancer, but for Stomach Ulcers Also. So Long as the Conscious Part of the Brain Is Normal the Messages It Sends to the Subconscious Brain Are Harmless, but if the Wrong Messages Are Dispatched Downstairs to the Lower Brain, That Organ, Too, Gets Confused, Releases the Wrong Orders to the Two Nerve Networks and Causes Disorganization Which Can So Affect the Cells as to Cause Disease. By Sending Shakeup Orders Over These Networks, Science Believes It Can Restore the Cells to Health.**

portant organs with two completely separate sets of nerves following different paths. Now it is known that these two sets of nerves have opposite characteristics. Signals sent down the vagus nerve from the brain to the heart have the effect of making that organ beat more slowly. On the other hand, signals sent to the heart by way of the spinal cord and the nerves which leave that cord make the heart beat faster. If something requires that the heart should beat a little faster unconscious messages go down the backbone and out over the stimulating nerves. On the other hand, if the heart begins to beat too fast or for any other reason it is desirable that its rate be slower, a message to this effect goes down the vagus nerve.

While these effects have proved more complete for the action of the heart than for that of any other organ, the same kind of thing is believed to happen with the stomach, the upper part of the intestines, the various abdominal glands and probably all the important internal organs.

This being true, it is easy to see how nervous or mental effects can produce diseases of these organs. Nearly ten years ago the famous brain surgeon of Boston, Dr. Harvey Cushing, announced the surprising theory that ulcers of the stomach really are due to something wrong in the lower part of the brain, possibly caused by worry. Today Dr. Cushing's theory seems the most natural thing in the world.

Although the conscious part of the brain apparently has nothing to do with these two nervous systems the lower part of the brain undoubtedly does control them. Just as people do not ordinarily notice the motions necessary in walking, other routine action is ordered by the lower brain, without any exercise of the will. There is, however, plenty of evidence that the general state of the mind, regardless of the will, and of the conscious part of the nervous system can have good or bad effects on the behavior of the two unconscious nervous

systems. Undoubtedly that is why mental influences can cause or affect stomach ulcers, as believed by Dr. Cushing. Presumably it also explains the effects of the mind on cancer, as emphasized by Professor Petrov.

Instances of the influence of the mind over the body occur frequently in everyday life. An unusual case was that of "Sister" Spothers, a Tennessee evangelist, who deliberately permitted a rattlesnake to bite her and then calmly refused all medical aid. Her speedy recovery was attributed to mental serenity.

The power of the mind over the body has also been demonstrated by Hindu fakirs, who train themselves until they can sit for hours, staring at the sun, lie on beds of spikes or walk barefooted across live coals, apparently without suffering.

So long as the conscious part of the brain is serene and normal, the messages it sends to the lower, unconscious brain are useful or at least harmless. But if the wrong messages start coming downstairs to the lower brain, that organ itself may get confused, send wrong orders farther down the line to the stomach and other organs, disorganize the living cells and cause the ulcers or the cancers that experts have traced to mental influences. All of them start doing the wrong things, causing havoc, until a stern corrective order is given.

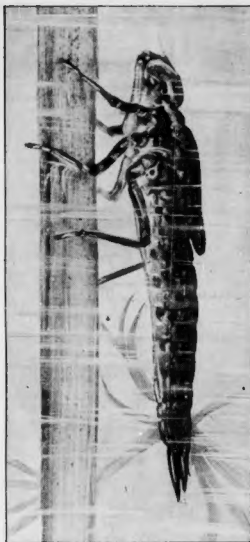
According to Professor Nemenov's theory, lack of balance between the two opposing sets of nerves may cause such things as stomach ulcers or internal cancers. Perhaps the nervous effect is not the only cause but it is at least a contributing one.

Accordingly, to treat these confused conditions, the Russian surgeons apply beams of X-rays to the nerves of the unconscious system leaving the spinal cord, or to the kind of way-stations called ganglia along the course of the vagus or other nerves of the opposite, depressing system.

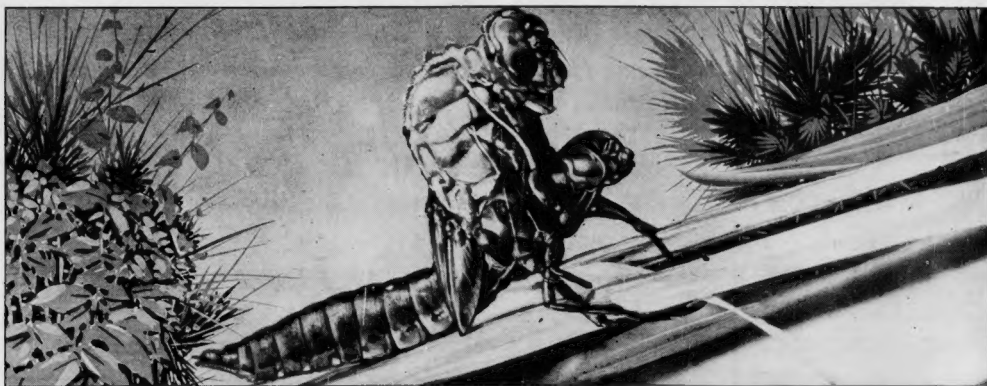
X-rays are likely to act on nerves much as they act on their tissues, either to change the activity of the nerve tissue or to destroy it partially or permanently. Accordingly, an X-ray treatment of one or the other set of nerves may help restore a balance which has become disturbed by supplying jolts or shakes that cause wrong messages to be disregarded, and normal conditions restored, just as a shakeup in a government department starting in a departmental bureau causes all workers to become alert and efficient—in other words, healthy. As more is learned about the detailed duties and actions of the two opposing nervous systems and about just how to treat the nerves or ganglia in order to control these actions, medical science promises to have a new and powerful weapon for the treatment, not only of internal cancer, but of all diseases of the internal organs which are partly under control of the unconscious brain through the living wires called nerves.

# Birth of the Dragon Fly

*Remarkable Photographs of the Progress of This Interesting Insect  
From Its Dark Cradle Under Water to the Glory of the Sun*



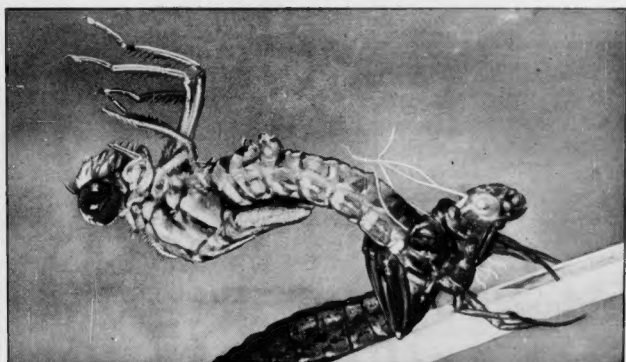
Up Through the Water, Drawn by the Light, the Undeveloped Fly, in Its Nymph Shape, Ascends the Stem in Which It Was Born.



Like a Fantastic Painting of Some Insect Don Quixote Upon a Grotesque "Besant" Is This Photograph of the Dragon Fly Which Now, Under the Touch of the Sun, Has Broken Through Its Nymph Shell and Pauses While Its Delicate Body Swiftly Hardens.



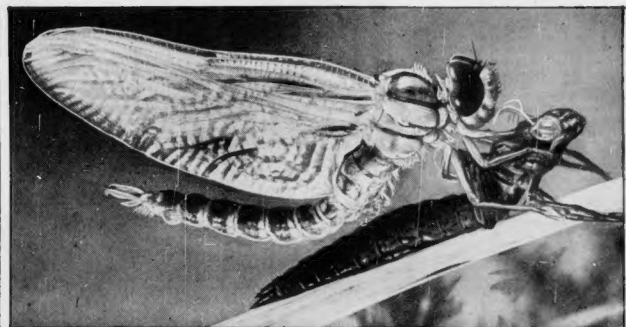
And Like Some Worshiper It Bends Its Body With Arms Uplifted as if in Adoration to the Sun.



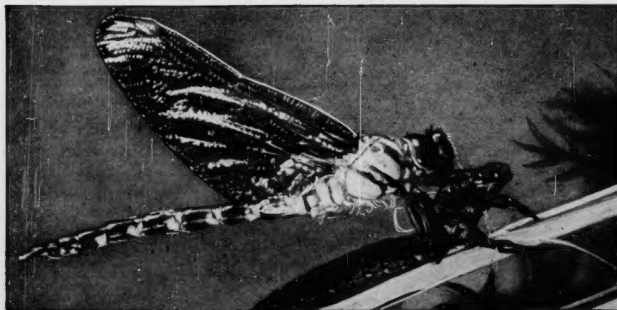
But What It Is Really Doing Is Pulling Itself Out of the Shell, and Here the Process Is Almost Completed.



Then Again It Pauses as Its Heart Pumps Juices From the Body Into the Compressed Wings, While the Body Itself Slowly Contracts and Lengthens.



And Now the Delicate Wings Are Almost Expanded and the Enormous Many-Lensed Eyes Are Ready to See What Is Going on Around in This New World.



The Gauzy Wings Have Become Strengthened Along the Front Edges by Heavy Ribs to Make Them Useful in the Creature's Rapid, Darting Flight.

**T**HE truly extraordinary series of photographs on this page show the birth of a dragon-fly, from the climb of the last larva up through the water of the pond into the air and sunlight, where it emerges as the active, often gaily colored insect known to many as the "devil's darning needle."

This dragon-fly belongs to the species called by entomologists Libellulidae, the common variety.

Its mother laid as many as 100,000 eggs, and the dragon-fly laid these with almost incredible speed under the water, boring a hole for each egg.

As soon as the larva, the mask which envelops the small insect, becomes too small to hold the growing baby fly, it sheds it. Several molts followed in quick succession while the insect was still under water. In this stage of development the young have broad and short hind bodies, legs and feelers. They breathe through gills. They have a good appetite and eat anything alive that is smaller than they, including their own kin.

When the insect within the larva becomes full grown, it crawls out of the water up the stem where it was hatched. The back of the larva cracks open and the dragon-fly pushes out as the pictures show. The wings are still soft and mushy. But then the new-born dragon-fly pumps juices out of its body into the legs and wings making them strong, rigid and shiny until at last its old covering is shed and the new-born insect takes flight.



And Finally the Dragon Fly Is Complete, the Empty Nymph Case Is Deserted and the Finished Insect Ready for Flight.



# Mystery of the Murder With Too Many Clues

The Suspect Was a "Suicide"; Under His Floor and In His Attic Were His Supposed Victim's Blood-stained Clothes and More Puzzling Evidence—But Scotland Yard Found Them All "Plants" and That He, Too, Was Murdered

The Records of the Case Up to Date Might Be Called "The Perfect Crime," and as Page by Page They Are Recorded They Only Add to the Mystery.

LONDON, April 4. THE "perfect" crime is the chuzzle crime. But someone has committed a double murder and scattered clues across the English countryside as if playing a game with Scotland Yard. And Scotland Yard, breathless from running them all down, finds the mystery as "perfect" as if there had been no clue at all.

People began finding and wondering about clues before anyone had so much as been reported missing. January 10, bloodstains were seen on Haw Bridge over the Severn River, near Thirley, Gloucestershire, and nearby lay a leather glove with blood on it. These would be considered first-class clues for solving a murder but there was still another, one of those sure-fire ones that detectives dream of picking up. This was a canvas shoe into which had been built a special sort of metal support indicating that the wearer had a special form of foot weakness and limped. It turned out to have been owned by a man long dead.

The local police preserved the glove and the shoe on general principles, thinking how quickly these would unravel a crime if there had been one. Then, on January 24, Brian Sullivan, 27 years old, was found dead from gas poisoning in his home, Tower Lodge, at Cheltenham, a few miles from Haw Bridge.

Sullivan was a gigolo, a type that is sometimes involved in robberies and often in murders but also frequently suicides, which this seemed to be. Anyhow, since there were no wounds nor even bruises on the body, he could not have been the victim of the gory proceedings on the bridge. If these meant anything:

He "couldn't" and yet apparently he was, in a way. The dead gigolo was another clue to the murder still remaining to be found. This happened on February 3, when fishermen, near the Haw Bridge, pulled up the torso of a man, which had been weighted down with grey bricks.

With grappling irons the police went to work vigorously. In the next two days they had recovered from the river both legs and one arm from which the hand had been chopped. All three parts were tied to the same sort of grey brick as was the torso. Neither then nor since was the head found, but one of the queerest of all the clues in this case was the finding in a bit of mud from the river bottom, a thin slice of an upper lip showing moustache hairs. These things indicated the victim was a muscular man about 50 years old.

Another object fished up was a man's leather motor boot. Though the manufacturer's label had been cut out, the police thought it had nothing to do with the case. It was not likely that a man who had gone to the difficult and dreadful precautions of dismembering a body to prevent identification would spoil everything by losing in such an easily-traced thing as an article of clothing.

The first thing was to find out who was missing, and Chief Inspector Worth of Scotland Yard soon brought out that a retired army officer, Captain William Bernard Butt, 52 years old, and physically approximating the torso found in the river had been missing since January 4. On that day he had told his invalid wife that he was going to the club and she had not heard from him since. Chief Worth looked surprised when the coat was identified as the captain's.

It did not take a trained detective to see a probable connection with the Sullivan suicide. The two men knew each other well and Sullivan's mother was a member of the Butt household as nurse for Mrs. Butt. The mother

The "Suicide" Was Really Murder.

Is the Owner of the Bloody Clothes Really Dead?

The Gigolo's Dog, Probably the Only Witness to the Crime.

Who Flashed the Signal Lights from Cleeve Hill?

Was the Victim's Head in the Hat Box?

Brian Sullivan, Whose Strange "Suicide" Is Now Officially Labeled "Murder."

Pictureque Tower Lodge, the Battlemented House on Leckhampton Hill, Cheltenham, Where Sullivan's Body, His Friend's Blood-stained Clothes, Leaves, the Grey Bricks and Other Clues Were Uncovered.

said that on January 11 she had gone to Tower Lodge to see if her son was there, but the door was locked and she had not tried to enter. She had found his car there and in it his pet spaniel, Bimbo. Brian had told her that he could not use the car until he got a 1938 license for it. She had taken the dog away with her and several times afterward, going to the house, had found it locked.

Finally, on January 24, she saw his key sticking in the lock and entering found her son's body clad in pajamas, lying in a gas-filled bedroom. The gas tube to a heater needless thing for a suicide to do when there was a valve with which to turn it on and off. The valve, however, was found to be rusty and made a sharp squeak when turned. If someone had wished to turn on the gas without awakening a sleeper, it might have been advisable to cut the cord. With this in mind, detectives decided that Sullivan did not cut it because no edged instrument of any sort was lying around.

It was found that on January 11 a milkman had left a quart of milk on the doorstep of the lodge and seen it still there the next day, but on the thirteenth it was gone. That bottle was found inside empty.

This called for a careful search of the little house inhabited by the gigolo when he was not working at his trade in London and occasionally "tided-up"

by his devoted mother on her time off. At once an embarrassment of riches in the way of clues began to annoy the sleuths. Floor boards in a passage, seeming to have been recently disturbed, invited investigation. Pulling them up the operatives looked down upon a trench six feet long and three feet deep, full of leaves. Under the leaves lay a new overcoat, spattered with mud, and an overnight bag full of clothing. When these, too, were identified as the property of the missing captain, Chief Wood looked more puzzled than pleased. In the same trench were also found blood-stained blankets and sheets.

From an old fuse a dozen bricks, just like those taken from the river, were missing. Except for that mysteriously cut gas pipe, these clues seemed building up the possibility that the gigolo had murdered his friend the captain, tried to remove all evidence and then, overcome by fear or remorse committed suicide. More and more clues were brought the old chief but still he was not enthusiastic.

In Brian Sullivan's car were found newspaper clippings telling of the discovery of the blood-stained glove and other things on the Haw Bridge. In the side-pocket of his car was a receipt from an automobile storage garage showing that Captain Butt's automobile had been parked there at

10:40 p. m. on January 4, the day he disappeared from his home. He told the attendants he would leave it there three days. They did not know him personally but from the descriptions given them by the police they were sure the man who left the car was Captain Butt.

Butt's car was still at the public garage. Also in Brian's automobile were found dead leaves, like those in the trench, and a bloody mackintosh. Clues from outside now began confounding the inside ones. It was proved that while Mr. Sullivan was vainly trying to get into the lodge, occasional puffs of smoke rose from the chimney. The chief pointed out that this meant somebody was busy destroying evidence, yet he carefully saved from the burning just one blood-stained army sock, which was found hidden in the rafters with a blood-stained meat cleaver, evidently used to dismember the body.

Another thing that did not fit was the personality of Sullivan. He had been discharged from his job as host in a hotel because a wealthy customer complained that he had actively aided a couple of girls in getting him so intoxicated that they were able to rob him. But it was also reported that he was a man of slight build, little strength and so timid he had been known to faint at the sight of blood. Such a character

was incapable of killing and dismembering the husky army officer. Among other outside clues was the statement of a truck driver who saw a car he later identified as Sullivan's on Haw Bridge, at about three o'clock on the morning of January 10, only a few hours before the finding of the glove, shoe and blood spots. He said there were two men in it. That is an important clue, but which way it points is something Scotland Yard cannot tell until it gets its hands on just one of two things: the missing hand and a person, referred to in the official reports as "Mr. X" but in the detectives' talk as "Bull-neck."

Again on January 4—the date of Butt's disappearance—a farmer saw two men flashing a light on Cleeve Hill, Presbury, a mile or so away from the bridge. They were noticed again at the identical spot on January 9. On the former date they had alighted from a dark car drawn up on a foot-path and seemed to be searching for something. The second time they were using an open sports car, and sat near a dimmed stone building known as White's Barn. Near this spot the police have found several articles of clothing and a blood-stained handkerchief.

The first record of Mr. X, alias Bull-neck, is on January 3, when a man described as of "tremendous build" with a heavy waxed moustache arrived at a Cheltenham hotel, spent money freely, paying for rounds of drinks for all and sundry in the bar, and producing wads of notes. Yet he left

Mrs. Irene Sullivan, Mother of the Gigolo and Employer of the Missing Captain Butt, Who Was Even More Mystified by the Multiple Clues Than Scotland Yard.

without warning the next day and without paying his bill. He did not even trouble to take his small baggage away with him. Included in this was a collar, size 18½ inches, and some articles of underwear.

On this same January 3, a man answering Bull-neck's description was seen walking with the gigolo in Tewkesbury, a nearby town. This suggests that after all Sullivan did murder the captain with the help of the burly Bull-neck, who would be capable of doing all the violent work.

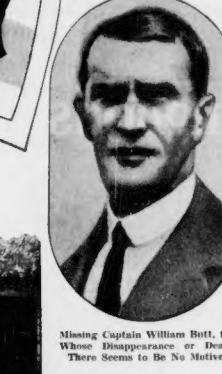
But at noon the next day, Capt. Butt, who was personally known, together with two men who undoubtedly were Sullivan and Bull-neck arrived at a Tewkesbury Hotel in the captain's car. The two bigger men were seen to be talking menacingly to the gigolo, who turned white and became so agitated that the head waiter took the number of the car.

It could have been a conspiracy to leave pieces of a body enough like the captain's to make the world think the captain was dead and afterward kill Sullivan, surrounded by planted evidence to make him look like the guilty man. Such a conspiracy requires a motive usually financial. Captain Butt's pretended death would only bring his wife a small amount of insurance and he would lose the income from a small estate.

Now comes the most fantastic clue of all. In the general questioning, the police learned from the woman who periodically cleaned Tower Lodge, that one day she found it in possession of two pretty girls, one of whom explained that Sullivan had lent it to them over the week-end. This was in August, and just before the murder was discovered one of them wrote her asking to have a hat box shipped to a London address. The woman did so and remembers that it was rather heavy. The box was delivered, but the girls have vanished.

The queer part is that questioning of his London acquaintances revealed that Sullivan had become fascinated, almost hypnotized by a moving picture, "Night Must Fall." In this a bellhop murders a man and manages to get rid of all the rest of the body except the head which he is forced to keep in a hat box under his bed. In the movie the murderer constantly whistles "Mighty Lak a Rose." After seeing the picture the little gigolo kept whistling it until finally his friends laughed him out of it.

And there stands Scotland Yard, with its arms full of more clues than it ever had on one case, yet none leading to a solution.



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*Clean Everything*  
WITH THIS  
HANDY ATTACHMENT KIT

**This eight-piece set provides attachments especially designed to lighten every household cleaning task...to clean or dust upholstered furniture, draperies, stair coverings, lamp shades, mattresses and pillows, radiators, etc. Complete in handy storage kit.**

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Operating cost amazingly low! Average .62 cents a week less than previous methods of refrigeration in 107 Proving Kitchen! Less than 1/2 of a kilowatt-hour daily average!

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WASHING AND  
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Westinghouse has PROVED Westinghouse Washers and Ironers for you right where they're used...in homes like yours...under normal home conditions. And here is some of the PROOF:

**Saves time and labor:** Average weekly washing and ironing time for 6 months of tests; Irons, 47 minutes; .90%; of ironer users confirmed claim "less fatiguing than ironing by hand."

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**Better finish:** Hundreds of family ironings done—"proving housewives" reports ranging from "fine finish" to "the best gloss my clothes ever had."

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Let the experience of 101 women who tested Westinghouse Ranges in their own homes and your last doubts about electric cooking. The time-saving speed and work-saving cleanliness of Westinghouse Ranges have now been Kitchen Aids' proof! See certified test reports at your dealer—select your range from 9 popular-priced models.

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Only Westinghouse Ranges have this solid-top cooking unit. Its *four* heats provide the right heat for every cooking operation, including a super-economical "simmer" using 60% less current than "low" on ordinary units.



**EXCLUSIVE!**  
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**SUPEROVEN**

The convenient top heater ends stooping and squatting, makes perfect broiling easy and smokeless. The exclusive Westinghouse Heat-Evener insures perfect baking and roasting.



# "You Can't Be Swindled—Esf?"



One of the Old Bunch Games Was Selling a \$5 Gold Piece—Which Turned Out to Be Only Plated. Pretty Amateurlish, Eh? Well, Have You Ever Stumbled Your Toe on the Dotted Line, Like the Man in This Warning Issued by the National Better Business Bureau? It's Practically the Same Thing.

## Nobody Buys a Goldbrick Nowadays, But—Maybe This Page Will Save You From Wasting Your Money on the Hundreds of Up-to-Date Worthless Equivalents

**P**RACTICALLY nobody buys gold bricks from city slickers nowadays, but in many other forms the gold brick game is flourishing. Last year swindles and frauds, some of which were no more subtle than the gold brick racket of 1870, cost the people of this country \$2,560,000,000, according to the National Better Business Bureau. The victims weren't all wealthy or foolish or inexperienced. The golden harvest reaped by the slick and suave confidence men came from men and women of the common-sense type. They were people who were sure they couldn't be swindled—but found out too late that they weren't much wiser than the yokel who came to the city and bought a gold brick.

No matter how practical and cautious a person may be, he will be swindled at least once in his lifetime, the National Better Business Bureau estimates.

If the money lost in swindles last year were equally divided, then every man, woman and child in the United States would have parted with \$20 paid out for "free" home improvements that proved to be expensive, fake employment promises, merchandise that didn't arrive, phony charities, worthless stock and similar schemes worked by fast-talking confidence men.

Investment frauds, merchandise frauds, fake bankruptcies were the ancient devices used to exact the greatest amount of tribute, half a billion dollars being lost in each of these three types of swindles. Fourth was insurance frauds, responsible for \$300,000,000. Fifth came forgeries with \$225,000,000. Real-estate frauds were sixth with \$100,000,000 and seventh were phony charities with \$75,000,000.

If you, yourself, think that you're swindle-proof, then consider well the following cases of intelligent men and women who thought that they, too, couldn't be swindled. These authentic cases from the files of the National Better Business Bureau are related just as they occurred, fictitious names being used to spare innocent victims embarrassment.

### How Johnny Jones Got a "Free" Roof.

Johnny Jones was rightly proud of his home, a neat little brick house in the residential district of a Kansas city. One day a well-dressed stranger called on Johnny with an interesting proposition. The stranger was a "Mr. Smith of the Home Improvement Company" located in another state.

Mr. Smith had been very much impressed with the neatness of Johnny's house, he said, and on checking up he was also pleased to find that he was an influential member of the community. "If you give me permission to take pictures of your house before and after the job is completed, and also agree to let prospective customers make an inspection, my company will install a new, Last-Forever-and-Ever Roof on your house absolutely free," said Mr.

Smith smoothly. "Besides that, if any of the prospective customers who inspect the job decide to buy a similar roof, we'll allow you ten per cent commission on the sale."

Johnny signed a contract with Mr. Smith who swore him to secrecy. When the work was done Johnny signed a "work completed receipt" which Smith said must be sent to his home office.

A few days later he received a letter from the Unsmut Finance Company telling him that a payment was due on his new roof. But that wasn't all. He found three of his friends had also been visited by Mr. Smith and had been given "free roofs." They too had received similar notes from the finance company.

A lawyer told Johnny that since the finance company was a third party and presumably innocent, he had no redress against him. He is still paying for his "free" roof.

### How Sam Brown Didn't Get a New Job.

Sam's job as grocery clerk in an Illinois town wasn't getting him any place, which was why the following advertisement attracted him.

"Man, Reliable, to become an automobile and accident claim adjuster in your territory; insurance experience unnecessary; no selling. Write XYZ Company, Chicago."

Sam answered the advertisement and was told he could qualify as an automobile and accident

claim adjuster exclusively in his territory. The salary was \$1 an hour, \$10 a day plus 5 cents a mile and hotel bills and meals while traveling as an adjuster.

The letter added that Sam would have to remit \$5 for printed material and a listing in a "directory" composed of names and addresses of those who pay the \$5. This directory was sent by insurance and finance companies.

Sam immediately sent his \$5 and resigned from his \$10 a week job. Thousands of Sam's throughout the country are still waiting to get back their five dollars, while the U. S. Post Office authorities are looking into the matter.

### How Mary Peters Got an Expensive Fur Coat.

Mary Peters didn't exactly need a new fur coat, but the salesman who called on her in her Milwaukee home was persuasive.

"You become a member of our Fur Coat Club," he explained. "By getting hundreds of members, we are able to sell beaver coats at the ridiculously low price of \$60 apiece."

"You don't have to pay for the coat all at once; you pay \$10 down and \$5 a month, and you may not have to pay more than \$15 or \$20 for the coat. You see, every week one member of the Fur Coat Club gets a coat partially free. That is, her payment stops that week and the coat belongs to her without further obligation."

Mary Peters considered the proposition. "But what would you say my chances are of winning the coat after a few installments?" She asked prudently.

"I'd say your chances are excellent," he said.

So Mary parted with ten dollars and signed a contract with the salesman for one coat, type beaver. Then the

salesman pocketed his ten dollars commission and went his way to persuade other women to join the Fur Coat Club.

The cost arrived in due course of time. It was of the "beaver type" but not exactly beaver. It was, in fact, an exceedingly inferior rabbit. Nor did Mary get it for less than \$60. She had to pay very soon or else be sued.

### How Jane Wilson Helped Her Husband.

Tom Wilson wasn't making very much money as a garage mechanic in Los Angeles and Jane, being a helpful wife, wanted to add to the family income. One day she saw an advertisement that interested her. It read:

"Women—Earn \$15 dozen sewing dresses; experience unnecessary; materials cost, instructions furnished, no selling. Stamped envelope brings particulars. Whooey Dress Company. Jane wrote for particulars and was told that she might make up to \$15 a dozen by sewing aprons, dresses, smocks, etc., right at home. She was also advised to send \$1.50 for a sample smock."

She sent some of her carefully saved house money and received a smock worth exactly 38 cents. At the same time she received a letter asking her to send \$6 more to cover the cost of material necessary for making 12 smocks.

When the smocks were finished she sent them off to the Whooey Dress Company, confident in the knowledge that her sewing was even better than that of the original sample smock which cost her \$1.50.

She couldn't understand it when all the smocks were shipped back to her

with a curt note saying they weren't up to standard. She still can't understand that part of it, for she is an excellent seamstress.

### How Richard Roe Corrected a Mistake.

When Richard Roe of Boston invested \$200 in Simply Wonderful Gold Mine stock several years ago he was scolded by his prudent wife for doing so. He was scolded again shortly afterwards when the mining company went out of existence.

He admitted he had made a mistake, threw the worthless stock in his desk drawer and forgot all about it until recently when he received a letter from the Revival Investment Company whose address was a lock box in a New York Post Office.

The Simply Wonderful Gold Mine had been recapitalized, the letter informed him, and if he would send his old stock certificate plus \$100 he would be given stock certificates in the newly reorganized company before those certificates were placed on the open market at a considerably higher price.

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Maybe You've Laughed at Old Pictures Such as This of the Countryman Buying the Goldbrick From the City Slicker—But Are You Any Wiser? When You Read This Page You May Think Differently.

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Mary Peters considered the proposition. "But what would you say my chances are of winning the coat after a few installments?" She asked prudently.

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salesman pocketed his ten dollars commission and went his way to persuade other women to join the Fur Coat Club.

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Tom Wilson wasn't making very much money as a garage mechanic in Los Angeles and Jane, being a helpful wife, wanted to add to the family income. One day she saw an advertisement that interested her. It read:

"Women—Earn \$15 dozen sewing dresses; experience unnecessary; materials cost, instructions furnished, no selling. Stamped envelope brings particulars. Whooey Dress Company. Jane wrote for particulars and was told that she might make up to \$15 a dozen by sewing aprons, dresses, smocks, etc., right at home. She was also advised to send \$1.50 for a sample smock."

She sent some of her carefully saved house money and received a smock worth exactly 38 cents. At the same time she received a letter asking her to send \$6 more to cover the cost of material necessary for making 12 smocks.

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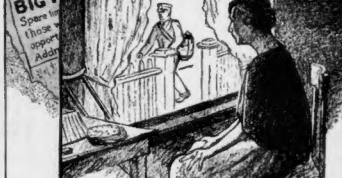
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## BIG MONEY—HOME WORK



## SHUT-OUTS for SHUT-INS

The Meanest Racket in the World—Some (Not All) of the Home Work Schemes for Invalids and Shut-ins. (Investigate First Every Such Proposition) Bring Nothing But Disappointment.

Smith smoothly. "Besides that, if any of the prospective customers who inspect the job decide to buy a similar roof, we'll allow you ten per cent commission on the sale."

Johnny signed a contract with Mr. Smith who swore him to secrecy. When the work was done Johnny signed a "work completed receipt" which Smith said must be sent to his home office.

A few days later he received a letter from the Unsmut Finance Company telling him that a payment was due on his new roof. But that wasn't all. He found three of his friends had also been visited by Mr. Smith and had been given "free roofs." They too had received similar notes from the finance company.

A lawyer told Johnny that since the finance company was a third party and presumably innocent, he had no redress against him. He is still paying for his "free" roof.

### How Sam Brown Didn't Get a New Job.

Sam's job as grocery clerk in an Illinois town wasn't getting him any place, which was why the following advertisement attracted him.

"Man, Reliable, to become an automobile and accident claim adjuster in your territory; insurance experience unnecessary; no selling. Write XYZ Company, Chicago."

Sam answered the advertisement and was told he could qualify as an automobile and accident

claim adjuster exclusively in his territory. The salary was \$1 an hour, \$10 a day plus 5 cents a mile and hotel bills and meals while traveling as an adjuster.

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## "She's GOING SOUTH"



with your money?

One of the Most Successful Rackets is "The Lady Who Is Going East, North, West—or South," and Will Sell You Everything She's Got for "Practically Nothing," and "Nothing." Is What You Get For Your Money, as This Better Business Bureau Poster Indicates.

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# You'll get \$1,000.00 every year for life!

just for writing the winning sentence  
in Libby's Get-Acquainted Contest!

## 3,262 CASH PRIZES

AND GROCERY PURCHASE CERTIFICATES

**LIFELONG SECURITY**... the safety and independence everyone longs for... someone's going to win them just by completing an easy-to-write sentence! Think what it would mean to have a check for \$1,000.00 coming to you this year and every other year of your life. College for the children; travel; an independent old age.

And this first prize of a yearly income for life is only one of thousands of awards in this

Libby contest! Couldn't you have a lot of fun with \$2,000.00 spot cash? That's the second prize. There are scores of other cash prizes, and hundreds and hundreds of grocery purchase certificates.

Get into this easy Libby contest now, today. Your chance of winning is mighty good with over three thousand prizes offered.

**2ND PRIZE . . . \$2,000 IN A LUMP SUM**

**10 PRIZES . . . \$100 EACH**

**50 PRIZES . . . \$50 EACH**

**PURCHASE CERTIFICATES ON GROCERS**

—any store, any items

**100 PRIZES . . each for \$25 WORTH**

**100 PRIZES . . each for \$10 WORTH**

**1000 PRIZES . . each for \$5 WORTH**

**2000 PRIZES . . each for \$2 WORTH**

The first prize of \$1,000 a year for life is in the form of an income policy of the Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut. If the winner prefers, he or she may take \$12,000 in a lump sum instead of the life income.

**3,262 GOOD CASH PRIZES FOR DEALERS, TOO**—because dealers will help contestants win.

We'd especially like to have you try these:

**Libby's Tomato Juice.** It's made the exclusive gentle press way, famous for incomparable flavor. And Libby's is an excellent source of Vitamin C.

**Libby's Peaches.** The cream of the California crop, ripely delicious. In every can, the halves are superbly matched for size and shape and color.

**Libby's Peas.** They're quick-cooked! Often they go from garden to kitchen in less than an hour. That means extra tenderness and flavor; full nutritional value.

**ENTRY BLANK** Fill it out today!

Libby Contest Judges, Dept. AW-10, Howard-Clark Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"My favorite Libby Food is Libby's

because

(Complete this sentence in 30 words or less. With your entry, send labels, or facsimiles, from 3 different Libby's brand: Fruits, Vegetables, Tomato Juice, or Salmon)

My signature

My street address

City

State

My dealer's name is

His street address

This Entry Blank is merely for your convenience; you may use a plain sheet of paper if you prefer. See rules.

**ALL YOU DO IS COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:**  
"My favorite Libby Food is Libby's \_\_\_\_\_"  
(write 30 additional words or less)

### READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Complete the sentence quoted above, using 30 words or less. Use the entry blank or a plain sheet of paper, writing only on one side. Only the one sentence will be considered in each entry.
2. With your entry send the labels, or facsimiles thereof, from three different Libby's Foods. Make your selections from Libby's brand: Fruits, Vegetables, Tomato Juice, or Red Alaska Salmon. No other Libby labels are eligible.
3. Your entry must be original with you, in your own proper name and over your own signature with complete address and the name and address of the dealer from whom you bought the Libby Foods. He can help you win.
4. Mail your entry to Libby Contest Judges, Dept. AW-10, Howard-Clark Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Enter as many sentences as you like, but each one must be submitted on a separate piece of paper with names, addresses (Rule-3) and labels from 3 different Libby's Foods (Rule-2).
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of July 9, 1936. Winners will be notified as soon as possible thereafter. Names of major prize winners will be announced in the American Weekly.
6. Entries will be judged and graded on sincerity, uniqueness, advertising value, and prizes will be awarded in the order announced in the American Weekly. Duplicate entries will not influence judges. Decision of the judges must be accepted. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries and the right to use same become the property of Libby, McNeill & Libby.
7. This contest is limited to the United States, and is subject to all national, state and local laws and regulations. Employees of Libby, McNeill & Libby, and members of their families, cannot compete.

### LABELS MUST BE FROM ONLY LIBBY'S FRUITS, VEGETABLES, TOMATO JUICE, OR SALMON

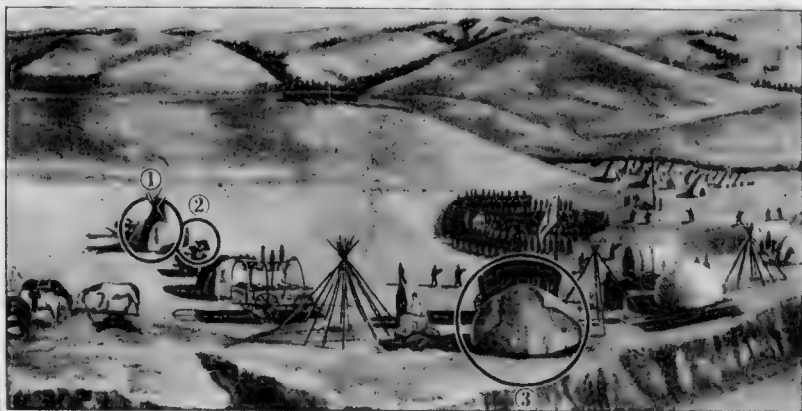
Each entry must be accompanied by labels (or facsimiles) from three different Libby's Foods. Why not all of one kind? Frankly, because we want you to get acquainted with Libby products. That's the reason for this contest—so you'll do some sampling right now. Of course that doesn't mean buying anything extra. You'd be serving vegetables and fruits and tomato juice anyway. Just get Libby's. Here are some of the most popular Libby products:

**TOMATO JUICE • PEACHES • PEAS • APRICOTS •**  
**FRUIT COCKTAIL • PEARS • ASPARAGUS • CORN •**  
**FRUITS FOR SALADS • KADOTA FIGS • BERRIES • GRAPEFRUIT •**  
**LIMA AND STRINGLESS BEANS • SPINACH • CARROTS • DE LUXE**  
**PLUMS • MIXED VEGETABLES • SAUERKRAUT • RED ALASKA**  
**SALMON • PUMPKIN • BEETS • TOMATOES**



# Present the Bill for the Historic "Wounded Knee Massacre"

After Almost 50 Years Chiefs Pipe-On-Head and Dewey Beard of the Sioux Indians Appeal to the Great White Father to Pay Their People for the Slaughter That Shocked the Country —and Which They Survived



The Two Paintings by Chief Pipe-on-Head, Which He and Chief Dewey Beard Presented to the Committee on Indian Affairs in Their Plea for Pensions for Survivors and Descendants of the Wounded Knee Massacre.

Above is the Chief's Reenactment of the Sioux Village Before the Attack, and Left, the Village After It.

- 1—Dewey Beard's Teepee Before and After
- 2—Dewey Beard's Wife Holding 22-Day-Old Baby, and Dewey Beard's Wife and Baby After
- 3—Big Foot's Wagon and Teepee With White Flag at Right, and the Destroyed Teepee and Wagon and Frozen Body of Big Foot

In the First Painting a Hotchkiss Battery is Showing at the Top Center of the Picture and Cavalry Rounding Up the Sioux. In the Second Painting the Spots Upon the Snow are Dead Indians.



Chiefs Pipe-on-Head and Dewey Beard, Survivors of the Massacre, Who Presented the Tribes' Claims.

NOT LONG ago the first news of the New Deal trickled way out from a Sioux reservation in South Dakota and finally reached the attentive ears of 76-year-old Chief Dewey Beard and 60-year-old Chief Pipe-on-Head, two survivors of the 1862 massacre at Wounded Knee, where United States soldiers slaughtered 280 defenseless Indians, including 200 women and children.

And just as soon as those aging chiefs understood what it was all about, they put on their company clothes, their beaded buckskin jackets, their eagle feather bonnets, rode their ponies to the nearest railroad station and took a day coach to Washington, to tell their troubles to the Great White Father in the Big White Teepee.

The two old chiefs have been brooding over that injustice for a long time. On many occasions they have been powwows around the council fire, mulling over the details of the tragic episode as they tried to figure out some way to collect damages. But whenever they talked about it to a white man, he just said it was a shame and nothing more.

So, naturally, when they heard that the Federal Government is now spending big money in all sorts of interesting new ways, mainly with the idea of relieving suffering, they were astonished. Nobody did anything to relieve the needless suffering inflicted on their tribe that bitter cold day in 1890 and nobody has done anything since that time to make up for it. It is no wonder they found it hard to believe that the Government was now spending money to help the Indians.

They felt that the Government was now spending money to help the Indians, and they felt that the Government was now spending money to help the Indians.

To help prove their point, they took along to Washington two remarkable pictures which were painted by Chief Pipe-on-Head and which are reproduced on this page, one showing the massacre, and the other depicting the desolate scene right after it.

Nobody had to convince Chief Pipe-on-Head that one of the best ways to tell a story is with pictures. He knew that already because his ancestors discovered it a long time ago when they invented picture writing. As for putting across an idea with a graphical portrayal of before and after, he probably never saw a better advertisement using that effective method. So he must have hit on the notion all by himself. But he made good use of it, and recently recently dug up in Washington disclosure that his details are historically accurate—and in his own primitive way, he happens to be a skillful artist.

In the view of the Wounded Knee

camp at the top of the page, he shows the soldiers disarming the Indians, most of whom are bunched in a circle almost surrounded by a fantyren and cavalrymen. As evidence that the Indians were submitting peacefully, their white flag of truce flies from a pole between the wagon and the teepee of their aged leader, Chief Big Foot, who was Pipe-on-Head's grandfather and who at that moment was lying in the wagon critically ill with pneumonia.

Soldiers are shown carrying off the guns of the Indians and heaping them up on a pile at the foot of the company's flagstaff. A battery of rapid-fire guns is set up on the hill in the background, with the gunners lined up behind the benches. In sorrowful attitudes some of the children soon to be ruthlessly shot down, are standing near the teepee. On the left is the teepee of Dewey Beard, who was then a young brave of 28. Beside it stands his young bride, nursing a 22-day-old baby, who strangled to death a few minutes later when a bullet pierced the mother's heart.

In the foreground is a ravine along which the women and children fled in one direction and the men in another, cut off from each other by the soldiers who chased them and killed all who could not find a hiding place.

In Chief Pipe-on-Head's second painting, the scene is the victims are shown lying in the snow, some in the ravine and others scattered around the ruins of the camp, with the charred poles of the burned teepees still standing. On the left, the bodies of Dewey Beard's wife and child lie near the blackened pole of his teepee and on the right, near the soldier's flagstaff, in the frozen body of old Chief Big Foot, who was carried from his wagon and placed there, just before the shooting started. Young Pipe-on-Head was holding the sick old man's hand at the time and the shot that killed his grandfather was fired at such close range that powder flames burned his eyes' cheeks, almost putting out his boy's.

There isn't much that can be said in defense of what the soldiers did that day. The Government had been having trouble with Chief Big Foot—that's true. And he had been ordered to come down with his braves from the camp on the Cheyenne River and surrender all their guns, which were mostly old fowling pieces not good for anything except hunting. It was a hardship for the Indians to give up those guns, which were needed for killing game. But they evidently had no intention of putting up a fight because they brought their women and children with them and Indians

never took their families along when they went on the warpath. But the soldiers were leveled up and expecting trouble. The night before the Indians had held a Ghost dance, which was merely a religious ceremony, but the soldiers mistook it for a war dance. And the Indians were equally uneasy because one who understood a little English spread the word that he had heard a soldier say:

"When we get them unarmed we can do what we want with them."

So both sides stood there glaring at each other. Then, while the Indians were being disarmed, the soldiers searched a teepee and discovered a young brave who tried to hang on to his gun. In the struggle, the mistake was accidentally discharged. When the rumors on the hill heard that shot, they jumped to the wild conclusion that a battle had started and opened fire with their battery, killing thirty-one of their own men in the valley, as well as a number of Indians.

The frantic women and children made a wild dash for the lower part of the ravine and the men split into two parties, one running out across the plain and the other toward the head of the ravine. The cavalry charged after some of them and the infantry chased the others, firing on the panic-stricken men, women and



Burying the Dead of the Massacre—Bodies of the Brave, Squaws and Papooses Thrown Into a Huge Trench Dug by the Soldiers. (Photo, Bureau of American Ethnology.)

children with equal abandon. The only ones who escaped were those who fell in the snow, preferring to be dead, or found places to hide.

In the official reports, the encounter was described as a "battle." But from the old records recently dug up in Washington, there is no longer any doubt that it was a massacre—brought on, as has been explained, by a long series of "regrettable misunderstandings."

In the first place, the Sioux Indians were under the impression that all that territory, about ninety million



A Rare Photograph, Taken at the Time of the Massacre, Showing the Frozen Body of Big Foot, Victim of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

acres was theirs and their stone, and always would be, for the Government had told them they could have it "as long as the sun shall shine and the grass grow." They took that pretty phrase to mean forever, but it turned out that the Government didn't really intend it that way and was just being polite.

At any rate when herds of white men started taking Indian land, the Indians became angry. So they fought, and the first time the white men, the Indians began to fight. The white men were slaughtering the Indians by the thousand. And the fun of it, and the Indians saw that if that kept up they would be faced with starvation. So they protested and, getting nowhere, started fighting. Soldiers finally subdued them and they agreed to retire to the Black Hills, which were now to be theirs and theirs alone, since the white men sided them worthless.

But this was another mistake. Pretty soon General Custer and his soldiers started poking around in the Black Hills, just to see what they could see, and when they got back to the outskirts of civilization they spread the report that there was "gold in them thar hills." Right away, prospectors overran the new Sioux district, but the Indians were tired of fighting. So they gave up a sixty-mile strip of land right through the middle

of their reservation and in exchange for that the Government promised them a few hundred dollars each yearly for the next 25 years.

They thought that was a good deal, but the Government didn't keep its word. The money was never paid, and the Indians were left with nothing but the land they had given up.

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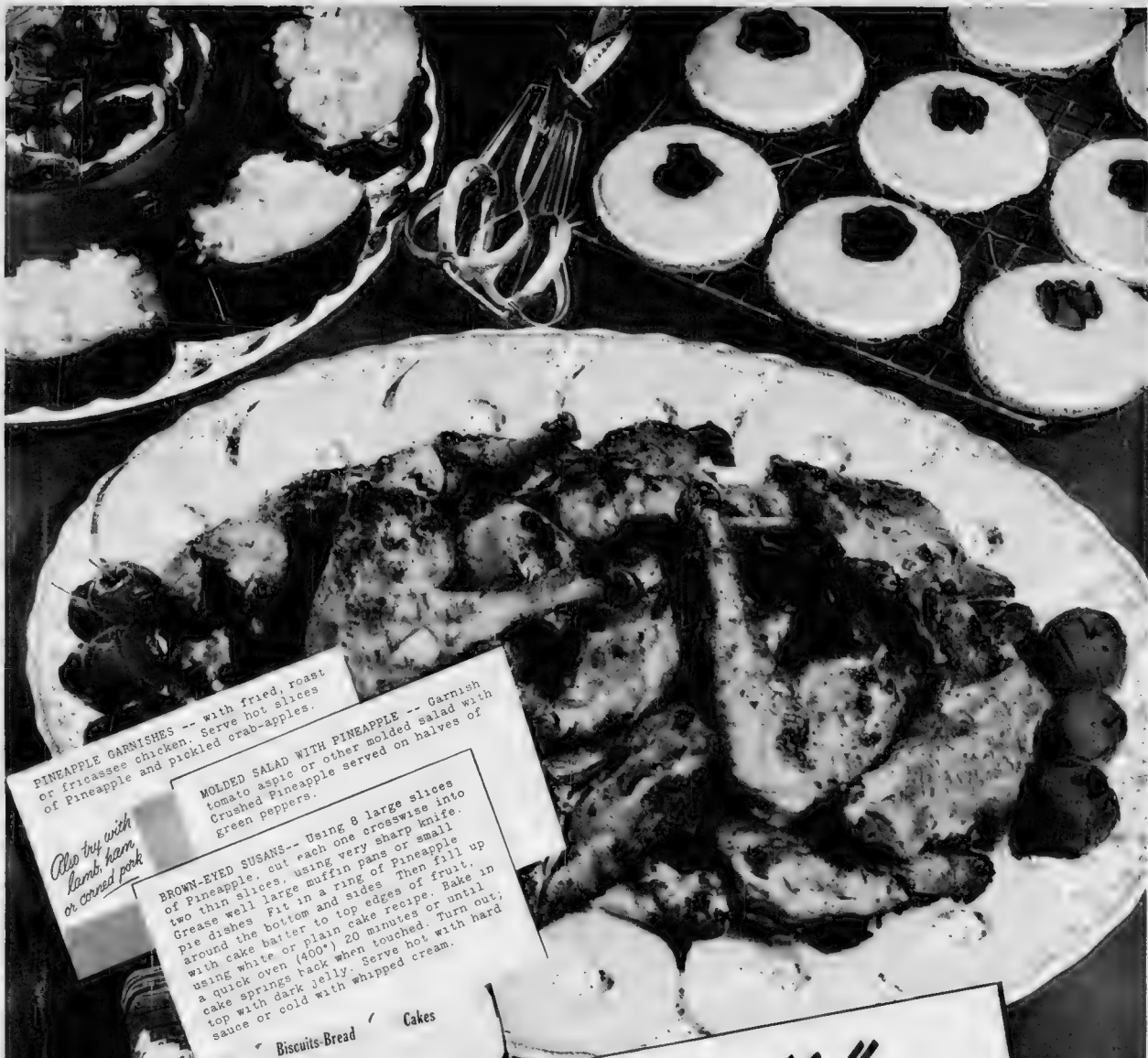
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PINEAPPLE GARNISHES -- with fried, roast or fricassee chicken. Serve hot slices of Pineapple and pickled crab-apples.

Also try with lamb, ham or corned pork

MOLDED SALAD WITH PINEAPPLE -- Garnish tomato aspic or other molded salad with Crushed Pineapple served on halves of green peppers.

BROWN-EYED SUSANS-- Using 8 large slices of Pineapple, cut each one crosswise into two thin slices, using very sharp knife. Grease well large muffin pans or small pie dishes. Fit in a ring of Pineapple around the bottom and sides. Then fill up with cake batter to top edges of fruit, using white or plain cake recipe. Bake in a quick oven (400°), 20 minutes or until cake springs back when touched. Turn out; top with dark jelly. Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with whipped cream.

Beverages Biscuits-Bread Cakes

recipes



## "Step Up" Spring Menus with Pineapple

### SPRING MENU NOTES

- ✓ With roast lamb, ham or veal with hot pineapple sauce, new potatoes and spaghetti.
- ✓ Serve a vegetable plate of new potatoes, asparagus, fresh peas and buttered or baked carrots filled with drained Crushed Pineapple.
- ✓ If the first strawberries intrigue you, stretch them for shortcake by adding Pineapple Tidbits.
- ✓ Try a salad bowl of mixed greens, avocado and half slices of Pineapple dressed with oil and fruit juices. Or add crab and use a tart dressing.
- ✓ Instead of candy, use for bridge "nibbles" dates stuffed with Pineapple Tidbits, rolled in finely chopped walnuts or in roasted coconut.

**CANNED**  
*Pineapple*

SLICED - CRUSHED TIDBITS

2 NEW FORMS - 100% PURE - NO SUGAR - NO PRESERVATIVES

LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE STORES

ABOUT THE BOTTLE AT CAN



LUSCIOUS, GOLDEN PINEAPPLE—there's a spring tonic for meals that have just gone through a hard winter! And Canned Pineapple, of course, just as it comes from the can—juicy, rich in delicate flavor. You'll like it with any of your favorite spring dishes, such as fricassee chicken, lamb, veal or ham with vegetable aspic, with almost any other main-course dishes.

Then there are those crisp, refreshing salads you'll have so often later now, or—as well as fruit cups, simple desserts and pastries. They'll all be more delicious if you'll remember

how delightfully Pineapple "steps up" their appetite appeal, how easily it adds variety and flavor in generous measure.

There's another important reason why Canned Pineapple should be one of your everyday staples—it is one of the most healthful of all fruits. It supplies us with vitamins A, B and C, food iron and copper for the blood, still other minerals to reinforce our alkaline reserve—plus natural sugars.

Look over the inviting dishes and recipes we're suggesting on this page—be sure you have a good supply of Canned Pineapple on hand—then put these inspirations into action!

PINEAPPLE PRODUCERS COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, LTD., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

# Ink Blots That Betray You For What You Are



In a Test Conducted in Germany, Every Third Person Saw in This Ink Blot a Picture of a Bat. Three Were Considered Commaless or Normal. Those Who Saw It as a Skeleton Wrapped in a Light Veil Were Considered Melancholic and Inclined to Suicide.



Most People Saw in This Two Dancing Figures and Were Classified as Normal. But One Who Saw It as a Fire With Smoke Surrounding It Proved to Have Been an Arsonist.



If You See This as Two Masked Faces With Long Nooses, You Are Deficient in Imagination—Try Seeing Something Else.

WHO is it that can tell me who I am? asks the line in which Shakespeare summed up the problem of personality which has long fascinated science. Personality is the most elusive and volatile element known, everybody has it yet nobody can grasp it. But now at last science thinks it is on its way toward solving the ancient mystery of this human essence.

There is a scientific proverb that goes, "We are things not as they are but as we are." It is this principle that what we see betrays our true selves, that has been used in the development of the Rorschach ink blot test, a remarkable new instrument for measuring personality.

An ink blot is nothing in itself, because it has no intentional design and no fixed meaning. But for that very reason it is many things to many persons, and has no fewer meanings than there are persons to look for them. The interpretation is purely personal.

The blot is like a mirror, reflecting the one who looks into it, but in such a way as to make it possible to know all about that person. That is more than a mirror can do because, as the old adage says, "the devil himself wears a beautiful face."

But what is new to the solemn atmosphere of the laboratory is, in this case, old to those who plan parlor games. The ink blot has long been a popular rainy-day pastime, amusing because fantastic shapes can be so easily created. All that one has to do to play "blotto" is to take a sheet of white paper, fold it in half, open it, and put a drop of ink in the crease.

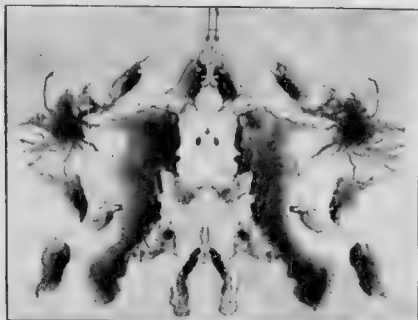
Then the paper is folded back again and pressed together until the ink has spread. When the sheet is opened, there is a symmetrical shape, each side alike in detail like Siamese twins, as the pictures on this page show.

But science is always inquiring into innocent pursuits, like wooden blocks, to build theories upon; and from blocks to blots is an easy step. With the ink blot, science is finding out what makes up what we are, and is informing the world just as if the personality were

**Science's Curious Discovery  
That By Studying What  
You Seem To See in These  
Accidental Patterns Your  
True Self Can Be Revealed  
---And Some People Even  
Think They Can Tell  
Your Fortunes**



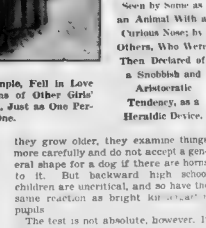
The Psychology of the Ink Blot Strongly Colors All Human Emotions; the Poet Dante, for Example, Fell in Love With Beatrice's Face But This Was Probably in No Way Better or More Beautiful Than Dozens of Other Girls. The Poet's Imagination Conveyed to Him a Face Which It Had, Itself, Created, Just as One Person Will See One Picture in an Ink Blot and Others See an Entirely Different One.



Those Who Love the Sea Found Marine Suggestions in This; Trained-Minded People Saw Bugs, While One Who Described It as Two Fishermen Fighting With Lobsters Was Declared to Have Unusual Creative Ability.



Seen by Some as an Animal With a Curious Nose In Others, Who Were Then Declared of a Snobbish and Aristocratic Tendency, as a Heraldic Device.



Commonplace People See This Blot as "Bowing Gentlemen"

ing a great vague is fortune tellers. Every night a crowd gathers around the famous "expert," Madame Luce Vidi, at the Club du Faubourg to have their futures forecast. They make ink blots on slips of paper which are then folded in half and showed to try. The resulting design is the same for each half of the slip but no two designs are ever alike. Madame Vidi then interprets the blots.

One night a few months ago Madame de Saint-Euphrasy, wife of the famous aviator was there. "At that time her husband, I had gone on a solo flight and had not been heard of for several weeks. Madame Vidi examined her ink blot and said that she saw several camels walking across a desert. The next day word was received at the Air Ministry that her husband had landed safely on the Arabian desert."

"At the same time Madame Vidi read the 'epit' of a well-known actor. 'I see the head of a bull,' she told him. 'I see you victorious and successful between the 22nd and 26th of May. After that I see bells ringing.' The audience burst into laughter at the incongruous statements but the actor calmly announced:

"It is true that in May I am going to act in my favorite role, the Torsor in Carmen. When that play closes I am playing the 'Bois de Chêne'."

Other symbols that Madame Vidi explained were: fish, or oblong shapes resembling fish, mean profits in business and growing success in the business world. If the blot is closed at the top, it means a change of residence and new friends. A cross symbolizes death, a cross split in half means two deaths. Spots resembling human figures mean marriage or children yet to come. Human figures without arms or legs indicate an accident. A spot, open at the top, means that things are happening slowly. Animals, like whales or elephants, show that enemies surround you without being able to do you any direct harm. A white crown in the center of the blot shows a triumph in some particular field.

Ink blots as a method of telling fortunes is in Paris a rival to astrology, tea-leaves and cards.



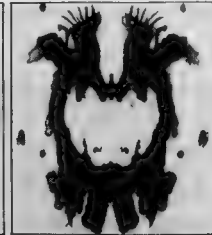
A Blot Closed at the Top Is a Good Sign; the Middle Two Fish-Like Blots Indicate Financial Success, According to the Blot-Seers, Now Popular in Paris.



The White Vase on the Upper Half Means Old Friends Will Return; so It Is Closed at the Top. It Means a Change of Luck for the Better, and the "Feet on Tip-Toes" Mean Travel.



The Fortune Teller Saw in This Blot Indication of Death in the Split Cross at the Top; While the Two People, Without Arms or Legs, Showed This Would Come by Accident.



Open Design at the Top Means Danger; the Great Square Horned Figure Means Enemies But the White Crown in Center Shows Ultimate Victory Over Them.



And Here Is the Aga Khan, Smiling His Characteristic Smile, Feet Tilted Happily Up in the Air—And No Wonder He Is Smiling, Because It Is His Birthday and, on the Opposite Side of the Scale, His Worshipers Have Heaped Ingots of Gold to Balance Him; Not an Ingot for Every Year of His Sacred Life, but for Every One of His Sacred Pounds, and the Father the Aga Gets, the Better for Him.

"THE world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings," says Robert Louis Stevenson. Among the number of things are peculiarly interesting and unusual people, and from time to time *The American Weekly* will present word pictures of the most notable for the instruction, edification and entertainment of its readers. They begin with the Aga Khan, one of the most striking figures in the life of Paris, the Riviera, and India, perhaps the only man in the world happily without cares or worries.

PARIS, April 9.

Quand le vois le Mogol, qui toutes les années va sottement se mettre dans une balance et se faire peser comme un bœuf, j'ai pitié de l'extravagance humaine.

—MONTESQUIEU.

(When I think of that Mogol, who has himself put in the scales every year and weighed like a steer, I pity human folly.)

OLYMPIAN JOVE, who grumbled at the meagre offerings and honors men gave him, would have envied the luck of His Highness, Sir Mohammed Moulana Hazar Imam Sarkar Sahib Shah Aga Sultan Khan III—for whose next birthday thousands of worshipers are already collecting the gold which will balance his weight on that day.

Adorned with titles and decorations from every land, the Aga Khan (as he is called for short) grows fat and lives in splendor on the presents of his 75,000,000 odd worshipers scattered through Syria, Iraq, Persia, Turkestan, India, Malaya, Zanzibar and Madagascar.

These votaries, belonging mostly to Islam's heretical sects, build shrines to his glory and mystically invoke this portly person as "The Shadow of Allah," "The Invisible Presence," "The Proprietor of Time and Existence," "The Supreme Reason," "The Repository of the Universal Soul," "The Interpreter of Secrets," "The Disposer of Events," "The Ruler of Whose Kingdom Is Not of This World," and so forth.

They also hail His Highness—and Wideness—as the incarnation of Mahomet's son-in-law, Ali, from whom the Aga claims descent, though in addition to that illustrious descent historians trace his origin to the notorious Old Man of the Mountains, Hassan Sababah, contemporary of Omar Khayyam and dreaded founder of the Assassin Order. This ancestor of the Aga rose to power 800 years ago when the Crusades were throwing Europe and Asia into convulsions. Hassan Sababah was a Persian sheik who created a stronghold happily named "The Vulture's Nest," where he trained young men to be perfect murderers.

Part of his training was to feed his young men hashish, the product of the Indian hemp plant that makes people eager for murder or any form of crime. Hashish thus gave rise, it is said, to the word assassin—from Hashishin.

Kindly tradition says the Old Man first introduced his methods because justice was corrupt and gangsters flourished, that moreover he was liberal to his workers, kind to his hundred-odd wives and very punctilious in executing all his assassinations with neatness and dispatch and no unnecessary pain.

When a novice was to be trained as an assassin

—having first been kidnapped —he was filled with hashish and let loose in a garden of lovely maids who were supposed to be the harem of Mohammed's paradise, and who gave him quail on toast and other dainties and ministered to him.

Then, after a while, another drug was administered and he came to with a terrible headache in a wretched hovel. After his wretchedness had made itself well felt he was carried before the Old Man, who said to him sternly:

"You have been in Paradise and now you are in another place. Do the work I give you, and my angels will carry you back to Paradise again."

They always accepted his offer, for otherwise they would have died. Their work was to kill some ruler or important person whom the Sheik had contracted to remove at a price. Thus he greatly influenced history by removing such characters at a critical moment.

There is a legend that King Richard the Lion Heart's strange death was due to one of the Old Man's dexterous assassins and that his sweetheart, Jehane de St. Pol, entered the Old Man's harem and was well pleased with her treatment. History also admits the probability that Conrad of Montferrat, famous progenitor of the present Kings of Italy, was rubbed out by the Old Man.

Through these operations this terrible Sheik of Death accumulated vast wealth and fortified and embellished his stronghold. His descendants carried on the business for 200 years, but their operations were concentrated on Oriental Sultans and rulers and in time they evolved into comparatively innocent sheiks like the Aga Khan, as will be told later.

The Aga Khan is sixty-one years old, of Iranian extraction and the color of logwood. He was born in India where bulls and monkeys are adored, but no flower-decked oxen ranging at their pleasure through the streets of Puna, no long-tailed divinities turning somersaults in their temple at Benares or blessed in marriage-rites at Surat, have followers more fanatic than the Aga's. Yet even at that his divinity is less than that accorded by the Japs to the Emperor of Japan.

So great is their infatuation that the Aga's followers revere him from the grunted bulks of his head to the soles of his feet, make pilgrimages to his birthplace at Bombay, embellish their altars with the leavings from his table, and bottle and sell his bath-water as an elixir holier than the Zemzem well-water at Mecca. The Aga gets paid for his bath-water and when finances get low all he has to do is wash a bit more frequently.

Furthermore, they fill his coffers to overflow.



Sketch of the "Tout Va" Baccarat Table at Naxos, by the Famous French (cartoonist), "Tigre," showing from Left to Right the Aga Khan, and Two Friends, Yves Mirande, the French Playwright, and Andre Citroen, the Multi-millionaire Automobile Manufacturer.



Humorous Cartoon Which Appeared When the Aga Khan Was Elected President of The League of Nations. The Troublemaking Nations Regarded Him As a Comic Horse in the Bunnings.

ing with one-fifth of their revenues, and once a year on his birthday, as has been said, make him a present of a pile of gold as heavy as he is (the Aga now tips the scales at 238 pounds), after first weighing him in public like a prize steer at a cattle-show.

Besides these donations, he receives enormous subsidies from the British Exchequer—the sort of gifts Emerson styled "symbolical sin-offerings" and "payments of blackmail"—for the Aga Khan (whose grandfather helped Napier conquer Sind) commanded his Indian disciples, in 1914, to meekly submit to the yoke of their oppressors, and act in the capacity of political intriguer to protect England's interests in the Orient.

To judge from the grin that lights up his dark features, he is pleased with himself, the divine homage paid him and unreckonable riches gained by his descent. A woman smiles unutterable things, but the Aga's plainly says:

"Who wouldn't be pleased to live in ease and opulence on the bounty of those who worship him. Without reigning over vast regions or levying tribute, I am better off than Hindu Maharajahs and Mohammedan Nawabs, who do both."

Like Homer's deities, this human demi-god is subject to very human passions. He spends fortunes buying fillies for his racing stables, playing baccarat and roulette, lavishing jewels on those who please him, and staging colossal revels for the pleasure of himself and the Begum, his French wife—Jane-Andree Carron—formerly employed in a candy store at Chambery.

His latest blowout cost 500,000 francs. It was given at Geneva when he celebrated his nomination to the presidency of the League of Nations Assembly by inaugurating the new Ariana Palace with a

# PECULIA PEOPLE



The Aga Khan's Young Son, Aga Khan IV, is the Jani Andree Carron. For Will Not Inherit His Father's Throne.

ball. Three thousand guests of divers titles, titles and positions jammed the rooms to suffocation, jabbered in a dozen tongues, jumped about to the din of four jazz-bands and posted each other to the bar, where they gulped down 2,000 bottles of champagne.

Although this city on the shores of placid Lake Lemana has grown accustomed to uproarious parties (not long ago the director of the Saint-Antoine prison there turned his place into a night-club, permitting inmates to drink hard liquor in their cells and dance the rumba in the corridors), the Aga's gala made Genevieve society gasp.

Blazing with gems like a Burmese idol, the Begum played hostess and beamed majestically on Princes, Generals and Ambassadors as they paused before her, bowed, scraped and kissed her hand—the hand that had pasted labels on French bombon-boxes nine years previously, accepted tips with great alacrity and administered slaps to the shop's delivery-boy when he tried to squeeze it.

How the Aga happened to head the Assembly and preside with his consort at the Palace opening has been variously explained. Some say that he was nominated to placate turbulent leaders of the Pan-Arab movement, who demanded a Mussulman for their mouthpiece at Geneva, while others say that League administrators, wanting funds to fitfully inaugurate the edifice, told the Aga he would be "elected" if he footed the bills. Then, too, the Aga Khan, even though he is a powerful leader, has no country to rule over. He is not involved in European politics—his allegiance being between France and England and the country of his birth, India. As President of the League Assembly, he



# No. 1—The Aga Khan, Who Has Fewer Cares or Worries Than Any Other Man on Earth, Gets His Weight in Gold Each Year From His Worshipers, Even Cashes in on His Bath Water, and Can Do All the Pleasant Things His Followers Are Forbidden



The Aga Khan is President of the League of Nations Assembly and This Satirical French Cartoon Shows Him Bidding a Yearly Farewell to some of the Delegates—After an Unusually Stormy Session.

is merely a figurehead and doesn't have much to do, except preside at meetings when he feels like it. Games of hazard, as well as gorgeous fetes, dissipate the Aga's time and gold. The Koran prohibits gambling, it is true, yet this so-called 43rd descendant of the Prophet is a law unto himself—a demi-god prone to revel himself in temples of play at Deauville, Cannes and Monte Carlo.

Here one may see him most of the year with a nimbus of cigar-smoke about his head, plying his buttonhole and a bevy of pretty "mascots" at his side.

While Gandhi, "India's Saviour," earns money working at one kind of spinning-wheel, the idle Aga drops thousands on another kind—the spinning roulette-wheel. Baccarat, too, relieves him of much coin, though he once won a considerable sum from Nico Zographos, who disputes with Almetto Batisti the honors of being Europe's baccarat king.

In games of chance the Aga is certainly not so reckless as the Mahabharata hero, King Yudhishtira, who staked wife and possessions on a throw of the dice, yet he risks a Rajah's ransom "punting," like the Prince of Nepal whose losses totalled 3,000,000 francs the other night at Cannes.

Here it might be stated that the Aga is not the only living holy man addicted to gaming. Ferdinand Osewondaki, in his book, "Beasts, Men and Gods," relates how he met Gheghen Pandita Houtoukou, one of Mongolia's practitioners of divinity, who had taken out a license in the town of Zain Chabli. A "Buddha Incarnate," Gheghen passed his days at cards with Russian soldiers and so was often late at the Lama sanctuary where, wrapped in a red mantle and seated on the altar, he received the prayers of the faithful.

Rivaling his passion for play, and costing him as much, is the Aga's love for horseflesh—in the civilized sense, since he does not resemble his hippophagous progenitors, the Persians, who used to regale themselves by roasting a horse whole on birthday occasions.

His stables in England and France are famous. While inferior in size to those of Haroun al Raschid's son, Prince Motassam, which were erected at Samarah and sheltered 330,000 horses, or to those of Sultan Moulay Ismail at Meknes, which accommodated 12,000, they surpass them in the number of thoroughbreds.

In fact, the "Proprietor of Time" is the proprietor of the finest racers in the world—the "cream of the cream" of equine aristocracy (although they never fed out of silver mangers, like the steeds of Sultan Murad IV). The Prophet Mohammed was

no prouder of the fleet Al Borak that bore him to Paradise, than the Aga was of the favorite, Blenheim, winner of the Derby.

When he bids for a filly, his grin and "savage" calm disappear. He waves his arms excitedly, names prices in a voice of thunder and haggles, swears and wrangles as if he were the incarnation of some slave-merchant purchasing a beauty for a Pasha's harem. Once possessed of the horse, he regains his serenity and smile and gazes fondly at the prize through his gold-rimmed glasses, admiring its beauty as though it were an ancient Greek masterpiece.

If his racers fail to win at Ascot, Epsom Downs and Longchamps, he ships them off to Indian tracks. There they generally triumph for a season, enabling the Aga's followers, who bet on his horses, to recover some of the money they have given. But "India's glowing shore" is no place for racers, and they finally die from the heat and sacrifice to the sun, like their sacred ancestors in Persia.

The Aga's hobby-horse of racing frequently grows headstrong. His Highness required his candy-shop bride on their wedding day to wear a dress of green and brown, the colors of his stables, as if he intended to make him a jockey (the lad is known in sporting circles as the world's youngest devotee of the turf) and compel his father-in-law, a retired restaurant owner, to rack his brains for fancy names to give the gee-gees.

Beautiful women, for whom the Aga has always had an admiration, gossip says, run off with a sizable portion of his wealth. He shows his appreciation of their loveliness by loading them with jewels, replenishing their wardrobes, paying their rent, and sharing with them his winnings at the gaming tables, so it is said. In return they accompany him to hippodromes, theatres and dancing resorts. (Mohammedans in general place dancing among the things that are forbidden.)

Regina Barry, who stood high on the list of those admired by the Aga, enriched herself through his generosity and for a time delighted to display her diamonds at Cro's. But His Highness frequently shifts his admiration.

The Aga, however, insists that his wife shall exist for him alone. He tells her that no matter what he does, her duty to him is to have eyes for him only.

In addition he is said to keep close watch over her, hiring spies to watch her dancing partners.

The Begum is the Aga's third consort. He divorced his first wife years ago in India, and found his second (an Italian high-kicker named Theresa Mangioni) at Aix-les-Bains, where he had gone to gamble after leaving his boat for Bombay. Theresa died in 1925, missing him a son, Prince Ali Khan—his heir—who is now married to a divorcee, daughter of Lord Churston, and formerly the wife



The Newest Photograph of the Aga Khan and His Beautiful French Wife, Jeanne-Andree Carron, Whom He Met in a Candy Store at Chantilly, France. They Are Dressed in Official Court Costume for a Reception to Diplomats at Geneva.

of Loel Guinness, son of Benjamin Guinness, Irish "Beer Baron."

In a sweet-shop, in 1929, the Aga encountered the comely Jane Carron. He wed her according to Moslem rites at Aix. The ceremony, witnessed by hundreds, was a brilliant affair, yet lacked the "eclat" which characterized the marriage of his ancestors. Ali and Fatima, whose nuptials were attended by 70,000 Mohammedan angels.

Not only does the Aga devote himself to the pleasures of the alcove, the race-course, ball-room and casino, but to those of the table. Indeed, he prides himself on being the greatest eater alive, and tickles his palate with the most exquisite dainties. Like a badly brought up child, he prefers rather to taste many things than to satisfy himself with few, and disdains simplicity in eating.

In Oriental style, he helps himself with his fingers, and once shocked a fair table-companion at Vichy by tearing a fried chicken to pieces with his hands. Pastry is the Aga's besetting sin. No dinner is complete, in his opinion, without a quantity of custards, cream-puffs, jellies, candied fruits, and pudding. Due to his liking for sweetmeats, he is often obliged to go on an antilobular pill diet. But it all adds to his income when weighing time comes round.

The drinking of wine is forbidden in the Koran, yet the Aga imbues the choicest cordials in the face and beard of Mahomet—in defiance of the "anathemas of all the angels of heaven and earth." His partisans, who would sooner pour melted lead down their throat than moisten their lips with fermented grape-juice, think nothing of his fondness for the bottle.

They believe wine miraculously turns into water as it glides down his throat.

The fumes of wine or of roasting meats are not more pleasing in the Aga's nostrils than the fragrance shed by the big cigars he puffs all day long. His Highness smokes like a factory-chimney, veiling his "holiness" in thick clouds. He is only matched here by Leon Volterra, race-horse owner,



Hassan Sabah, As "The Old Man of the Mountains," and King of the Assassins From Whom the Aga Khan Claims Descent.

Senator James Hennessey, and Berry Wall, superannuated duke.

Smoke is the Aga's second breath; a cigar is the sixth finger of his hand. When the profane poke fun at a sacred leader's taste for holy nicotine, he defends himself by declaring with Lord Byron and Corneille that tobacco is "divine."

His disciples in Iran and India agree with him, and would gladly follow his example. But after practicing the most rigid economy in order to keep him supplied with pocket-money to buy tobacco, most of the poor devils discover they can't afford cigars if the Aga can.

To console themselves, they smoke a brand of cheap tobacco, gratuitously furnished by the grazing herds, or find a dreamy enjoyment in hemp and opium—both cheaper than imported havanas. Hemp is preferred to poppy-juice because it transports one to the Seventh Heaven with the speed of an airship, they say, while opium proceeds as slowly as a hansom-cab, carrying them no farther than the gate of the First Heaven.

Another one of the Aga's pet pastimes is gadding about the globe.

Satan, in Job's day, went to and fro in the world, and walking up and down in it, yet such a mode of locomotion is too fatiguing for the Aga Khan. Instead of "larding the lean earth" by promenading, he rides all over Europe in his luxurious car, and crosses seas in his private plane. There was a time, though, in 1896, before his divine position had been perfected, when he pedaled up and down France on a pleanian bicycle.

To the Aga, who is forever on the go, his enemies apply the words of the Scripture, "There is no rest for the wicked." One week he punts at the Bellevue Casino, Biarritz; the next week spouts at a League conference in Geneva; the following week plays golf at La Napoule on the Mediterranean, "where the sun never rises," he says, "until it has saluted me"; and a week later gossips and sips chocolate with Hitler at Berlin.

Some months ago this soi-disant offspring of All (the "Lion of Allah") took an air-taxi to East Africa with the Begum. He hunted the king of beasts, bumped off a couple, had himself photographed being his tawny trophies in a theatrical pose, and afterwards began slaughtering antelopes and other wild game, and yet his followers call him

(Continued on Page 21)



With Independent Tobacco Experts..  
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

*It's Luckies  
2 to 1*



**H**ERE ARE THE FACTS! Sworn records show that among *independent* tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They deal with all, but are not connected with any manufacturer. They *know* tobacco from A to Z...and they smoke Luckies... 2 to 1!

Remember that every Lucky Strike gives you the throat protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted." This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.



Have You Heard  
the Chant of the  
Tobacco Auctioneer

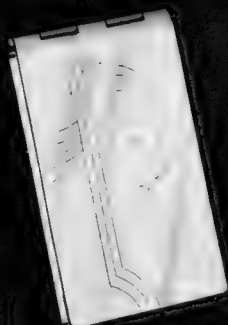




# IT'S KLEENEX TIME in America!



VANITY MIRROR... on the inside of the cover.



ACTUAL SIZE... just right for your purse... Your dealer has re-fill—6 for a dime.

## Special Jubilee Offer

This smart purse-size Metal Case with Kleenex® Lipstick Tissues inside

**\$1 value**

FOR TWO KLEENEX BOX STRIPS AND 25c TO COVER COST, MAILING AND PACKING

Thousands of women have paid \$1.00 for a Kleenex Lipstick Tissue Case similar to this. Just slip it in your purse and these new miniature tissues are always handy to shape and blot your lipstick without staining gloves, hankies or towels. See it at your dealer's when you buy Kleenex.

TO GET YOURS, mail a quarter (25 cents) and perforated strips from the top of 2 Kleenex boxes (any size) to KLEENEX, CHICAGO.

TO GET YOURS—BUY KLEENEX\*

IN THE

## SERV-A-TISSUE Box

—it Saves as it Serves—just one double tissue at a time!

• Kleenex Time is here... and you'll want to keep a box of these handy disposable tissues in every room in your home—one in the car—another in your office. Just see how every member of your family applauds the Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess—saves time, trouble, tissues! You pull just one double tissue easily, quickly, with only one hand, and another pops up ready for use. Life's too short to fumble with clumsy boxes... to tolerate inferior tissues.

### Adopt the Kleenex Habit During Colds

It's a mighty good habit to use Kleenex for handkerchiefs the instant sniffles start. It's soft, gentle, non-irritating; saves your nose and saves money, as it reduces handkerchief laundering. What's more, Kleenex tends to hold

germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. Use each tissue once, then destroy—germs and all.

### Over 100 Important Uses!

Of course you'll want Kleenex to remove face cream and cosmetics... it's more thorough; saves towels from make-up stains. Comes in handy to dust and polish; to clean eye glasses; to wipe ash trays; as a kitchen help. And for baby, use Kleenex as a handkerchief and bib; to pat on powder and ointments; and as a super-soft toilet tissue. Then, in the car, you'll want a box handy to wipe hands, windshield and greasy places.

Remember, all 200-sheet Kleenex now on sale is packed in the Serv-a-Tissue box... only 25c for two. Your choice of white, pink, green and orchid. Buy your supply now!



## KLEENEX\* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)





# So easy to take home



Six bottles of Coca-Cola in the handy carton can so easily become six frosty bottles of pure refreshment in your own refrigerator.



Easy to take home. Get a six-bottle carton of Coca-Cola when you get your groceries.

## *the six-bottle carton*

This handy package is for your convenience...  
to provide *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold  
Coca-Cola in your home. All the family will  
welcome this pure refreshment, pure as sunlight.



Get the feel  
of refreshment



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FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE IN EVERY ENGINE

HERE IS THE CHAMPION SPARK PLUG SPECIALLY ENGINEERED AND RECOMMENDED FOR YOUR CAR

|           |    | YEAR |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|-----------|----|------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|           |    | 19   | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| HAASE     | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| AUSTIN    | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| BAKER     | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| BOOP      | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| CASILLAS  | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| CHERVOLAT | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| CHRYSLER  | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| CORD      | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| EL SOTO   | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| RODGE     | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| FORD      | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| GRANJA    | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |
| HAASON    | 19 | 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |

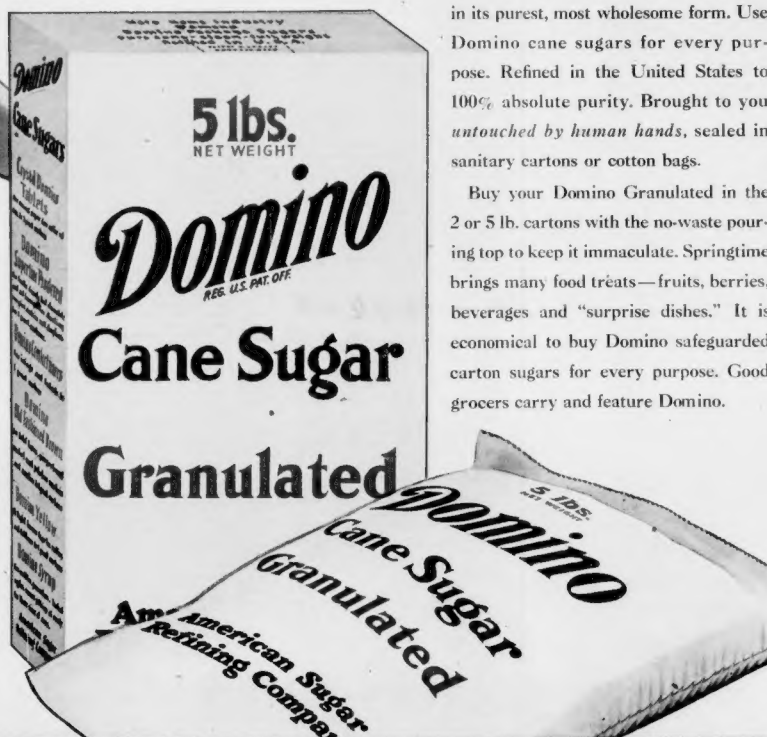


# "HERE COMES THE Sugar man!"

Yes he is, believe it or not! Every year your child eats *half his weight in sugar*. (So do you and all members of your family.)

It's important not to take chances with such a vital food. So be safe—be sure! See that your family gets sugar only in its purest, most wholesome form. Use Domino cane sugars for every purpose. Refined in the United States to 100% absolute purity. Brought to you *untouched by human hands*, sealed in sanitary cartons or cotton bags.

Buy your Domino Granulated in the 2 or 5 lb. cartons with the no-waste pouring top to keep it immaculate. Springtime brings many food treats—fruits, berries, beverages and "surprise dishes." It is economical to buy Domino safeguarded carton sugars for every purpose. Good grocers carry and feature Domino.



• Pure Domino Cane Sugar Dots in 1 and 2 pound cartons and Domino Pressed Tablets (two sizes) are ideal for hot coffee and tea

• Dress up your table with Crystal Domino Tablets or smaller-size Squares. Made by the exclusive Adair process for added sparkle and quicker melting

• The finest sugar for making quick, uncooked frostings and smooth fondants

• White magic! It melts quicker in iced drinks. Brings out the flavor of fresh fruits and cereals

• Delicious pure cane sweetener. In 2 and 5 lb. cartons with pouring tops. Also in 5, 10 and 25 lb. cotton bags

• Old-time molasses flavor for hams, baked beans, gingerbread. Children love it!

• For a better catch flavor in cookies, sweet potatoes, desserts, ice cream sauce

• For toast, baked apples, apple-potatoes, sauce, custards, sprinkles, cereals

## "Sweeten it with Domino"

100% PURE CANE SUGARS—A KIND FOR EVERY USE









# TAKE YOUR PICK FOR *Spring Salads!*

Your grocer now has a wonderful variety of tempting salad ingredients at reasonable prices... For health serve a salad every day! ... for a new flavor-thrill ... serve it with **MIRACLE WHIP!**

**C**hase fresh greens—new young vegetables—colorful fruits—now's the time to let them give new life to spring salads! Serve a salad every day... for health.

And for sparkle! zest! tempting flavor!... "dress up" all your salads with Miracle Whip, the new kind of salad dressing millions of people prefer! Everyone is talking about this exciting new dressing created by Kraft. Its "different" flavor has made it so popular it now outsells the next twenty leading salad dressings combined!

You've tasted mayonnaise. And you've tasted old-fashioned boiled dressing. Miracle

Whip is a delicious combination of the two! More than that, the special recipe used for Miracle Whip calls for far more of the costly ingredients that make the difference between fine and ordinary salad dressings. And these finer ingredients are blended more completely, whipped to a new smooth creaminess, in the amazing Miracle Whip beater perfected by—and used only by—Kraft!

Get a generous-sized jar of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing tomorrow... and take your pick of the tempting new fruits or vegetables. Then see how your family will go for the green spring-like salads that are so good for them!



**FINER INGREDIENTS GIVE IT**  
*"A flavor all of its own"*



Hear the KRAFT MUSIC HALL program with Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, and famous guest stars, Thursday nights, N.B.C. stations

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